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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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Alacato.

—:o:—

ONE of the most cruel remarks made by a musical auditor is reported from California. A vocalist was warbling to her own great satisfaction, "I would I were a bird," when a rough miner shouted out, "I would I were a gun!"

♦ ♦ ♦

ACCORDING to a musical contemporary, a curious little incident was witnessed by some of the audience at the recent performance of the "Messiah" in Westminster Abbey. "A stalwart policeman had been stationed among the congregation, for the 'regulation of traffic.' Scarcely had the first number been commenced, when the minion of the law produced from his capacious pockets a well-worn score of Handel's work, from which he followed the performance with an attentive interest and watchfulness that would have well become the most grave and reverend of musical critics." Is this a sign of the times? Let us hope that it may be accepted as such.

♦ ♦ ♦

MORITZ ROSENTHAL, the pianist, has been making a sensation in New York, not only, it would appear, by his executive powers, but also by his pointed remarks. Some time ago Siloti, another of "Liszt's favourite pupils," sent Rosenthal a letter announcing the birth of his first daughter. "She is already four weeks old," Siloti wrote, "but she cannot play the piano. Remarkable, isn't it?" "Nothing at all remarkable about that," answered Rosenthal. "You are thirty-two, and *you* can't play the piano." In a less distinguished man such a reply might have been looked upon as more rude than witty.

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MESSRS. LEAHY AND O'BEIRNE have been advertising for a principal baritone for grand opera, and have received the following reply from a north-country aspirant:—

DEAR SIR,—I see you are advertising for a singer or two so I take the opportunity of writing I may tell you I am a splendid baritone or high set voice either I have command of two voices I can grow down to G but I am more better at Hight. I sing some songs in C and some in F but I can get nearly any Hight there has been a few Gentlemen of late heard me sing and they seem all to say I am fullish not to try and get into an operry I have had some practise a chorus singend but I have not a first clas understanding of the music but it would soon come to me if you could only try and have a place for me I would not look for much pay for a while if we could manridge to live I would be ever so much oblige I have such a notion of operry singing . . . my Hight is 5 ft. 7 stout dark and I may say I am a joiner and I would willingly help the carpenter for a while or help with Baggidge you might think about it for me and I can reach F nicely I sing I dreht I dwelt in its oreignal kee you you might let me know please I will join for a small sum to get into it your obedient servant.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE above is a "phenomenal" baritone with a vengeance. He would be invaluable to Mr.

Augustus Harris, since he could sing in "opery" during the summer, and make himself useful in the pantomime in the winter.

♦ ♦ ♦

A SINGER AS *IS* A SINGER.—According to an American paper, a scion of the sewing-machine Singer family will soon celebrate his coming of age in Devonshire with great state. He will produce "Faust" on a scale of lavish magnificence in a private theatre. He intends to sing the part of Mephistopheles in person. Van Zandt gets 10,000 francs for coming over specially from Paris to sing twice as Marguerite, and both La Farge and Trebelli will probably be in the cast.

♦ ♦ ♦

"I NOTICE in the paper," said Mrs. Barracks, "that a Brooklyn clergyman says that women should be permitted to whistle." "Yes," retorted Mr. Barracks agreeably; "he is right; we should surely not deny to women a privilege we accord to tug-boats and locomotives."

♦ ♦ ♦

SUPPÉ, the Viennese operetta composer, is said to be the despair of theatrical managers. When he was under an engagement to write "Donna Juanita" for the Karl Theatre, the anxious director one day called upon him, and asked how the opera was getting on. It was then advertised to be produced in eight weeks' time. "Well, I have made a beginning," said Suppé; "I have just bought some music paper," and he exhibited his purchase. He then promised to deliver the score in a fortnight. At the expiration of three weeks only the first act was ready. Another three weeks passed, and the second act was handed in. From that time onward Suppé supplied the score at the rate of a page or two a day, and it was only on the occasion of the final rehearsal, within a few hours of the production of the opera, that he brought with him the concluding number.

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The following advertisement appeared in a recent number of the *American Herald*:—

An opportunity exists for a gentleman of wealth and culture, desirous of securing the *clat* and social distinction of patronizing musical art to the extent of some 3000 dollars per annum, to become president of an orchestral society in this city, composed of sixty selected professional instrumental soloists; this society has free use of a well-known music-hall, and the performances are directed by a most eminent professor.—Address "Musicus," *Herald* Office.

♦ ♦ ♦

BOUDOURESQUE, the great basso, is said to be very absent-minded. He was recently at Naples, and King Humbert, who was also there, expressed a desire to make his acquaintance. On entering the ante-chamber in the palace, he found that the gentlemen present were all personal acquaintances of his, and asked them to allow him to keep his hat on, as he was suffering from a severe cold. A lively conversation was cut short by the entrance of a chamberlain, announcing that the King would receive him at once. In the momentary con-

fusion, the singer forgot that he was wearing his hat; he took hold of another, which had been placed on a chair near him, and went before his Majesty, who, at the sight of him, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Utterly confused, he asked humbly to be informed of the King's merriment. "Let me ask you a question first," replied the King; "which is your hat—the one you are wearing on your head, or the one you carry in your hand?" "Confound it all," replied the singer, joining in the laughter; "truly two hats are too many for a fellow who has lost his head."

♦ ♦ ♦

ON January 1 will appear the first number of *Y Cerddos* (Anglicè, *The Musician*), a new musical monthly periodical, the first and only musical newspaper exclusively devoted to the music of Wales, and printed in the Welsh tongue. The circular goes on to say, "Cyhoeddig ar y luf o bob mis" (which, of course, is clear enough), and "Pris dwy geiniog," which means "price twopence."

♦ ♦ ♦

A STORY is going the round of the German musical papers, the subject of which is Wagner's "first love," who, it appears, was the harpist Marie Lehmann, mother of the well-known singer Lilli Lehmann. Marie was at one time engaged in the orchestra of the Magdeburg Theatre, of which Wagner was then the conductor. So entirely was Wagner's being concentrated on his charmer, that during a performance of Rossini's "Otello," he overlooked a "cut" that should have been made in the score, and for some seconds a catastrophe was imminent. This was averted, however, by the promptness of Marie Lehmann herself, who, perceiving the danger, cried vigorously to the conductor, "Weiter! weiter!" (Go on!) This, too, was nearly productive of serious consequences, for some of the audience, catching the exclamation imperfectly, imagined that it was "Feuer!" (fire), and a panic was for some moments imminent.

♦ ♦ ♦

HERE is the latest from Paris. A monkey is creating a sensation and earning fame by giving brilliant performances *à quatre mains* on the pianoforte, making graceful and becoming use of his long tail in turning over the leaves of his music!

♦ ♦ ♦

CLERGYMAN (to choir leader). The collection this morning, Mr. Hotwater, was very small, and I am sorry to say that I think the meagreness was largely due to you.

CHOIR LEADER. Largely due to me, sir?

CLERGYMAN. Yes. Hereafter, while the plate is being passed, I wish you would try and make a better selection of music than "Salvation's Free."

♦ ♦ ♦

A DEAF old gentleman in Maine had a niece who recently married one of the best musical critics of the West. On their bridal tour the husband was for the first time presented to his relative, who asked in a stage whisper, "What

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does he do?" "Why, uncle, he is a musical critic," was the shouted reply. "Waal," said the uncle, gazing at the young man, "no accounting for taste; but why did she marry him if he's a mis'erable critter?"

♦ ♦ ♦

THE following lines were written in the album of a musical student:—

Within your life's great "harmony"
May there be no "suspension;"
And when you wed, oh, may it be
A fine "two-part invention."

May joy be ever "dominant,"
And life be one ovation;
And may you never, never find
A single "cross relation."

♦ ♦ ♦

It was at the "Flying Dutchman" one night. The opera has reached the moment when the "Hollander" comes face to face with Senta, whose mysterious attraction to his destiny, even before she met him, has foretold the end. They look in one another's faces as the music of the orchestra portrays the emotions that stir the heart of each. It was in this beautiful passage that a voice was heard to exclaim in nervous excitement, "Oh, what a pity—she's forgotten her part."

♦ ♦ ♦

ENGEL, the director of the Kroll Theatre, Berlin, wishing once to give an important performance in his theatre, proposed to Nachbaur and Reichmann that they should both sing in the same opera, and asked their terms. "My terms you know," answered Nachbaur, "half the gross receipts." "And yours, Herr Reichmann?" "As usual, fifty per cent. of the gross receipts." Engel thereupon humbly observed, "Well, gentlemen, if I engage you, I beg you will favour me with a free ticket for the performance."

♦ ♦ ♦

GLASGOW hospitality has had a great deal to do with the advance of music in the North. At a time when the Scottish "Sawbath" was still an awful fact, the late Mr. T. L. Stillie pluckily undertook to entertain musical visitors on the first day of the week. Stillie's anecdotes are proverbial. One was at the expense of Rubinstein. Four hours one evening were spent in solemnly drinking the national beverage, and the only sentences interchanged were, "Do you like Wagner's music?" "Wagner bad." "Do you care for Beethoven?" "Beethoven goot." At the end of the fourth hour Stillie rose to go to bed, but Rubinstein kindly interrupted him with, "No, don't go, I like your conversation."

♦ ♦ ♦

ANOTHER of Mr. Stillie's anecdotes relates how Madame Ilma di Murska was his guest one Sunday, when she insisted upon singing the "Shadow Air" from "Dinorah," to the great scandal of the neighbours. The next morning an old lady called to remonstrate upon this desecration of the Sabbath. Mr. Stillie, however, with great presence of mind, assured her that the music she had heard was sacred—"foreign" sacred music.

♦ ♦ ♦

ON Saturday, 15th ult., Dr. Parry's "Judith" attracted a large and attentive audience in spite of the fog, which made the Crystal Palace a gloomy cavern, and filled the concert room with dimness which might be felt. The performers did their best to overcome atmospheric difficulties, and an Australian clergyman who sat near us expressed his admiration of the English people, who achieve such triumphs of mind over

matter, and live and work and play in spite of their depressing climate. The rev. gentleman rejoiced that he was returning immediately to his brighter land, where he might at last get warmed through.

♦ ♦ ♦

MISS WILLIAMS and Madame Patey met with well-earned applause. The delightful music assigned to Meshullemeth was not better rendered than the very trying part of Judith; the children of Manasseh sang so sweetly that it was painful to think of their implied fate; and the chorus and orchestra worshipped Moloch most heartily and grimly. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Brereton, and two of Mr. Stedman's choir—Masters Wynne and Lambert.

♦ ♦ ♦

ON the 14th ult., the first concert of the season was given by the Streatham Choral Society at the Town Hall, and exhibited a marked improvement in tone as well as precision of attack and delicacy of light and shade. The choral works performed were Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm—"As the hart pants," and Niels Gade's ballad of the "Erl King;" besides two part-songs—"Come live with me" and "Down in a pretty valley," by Sterndale Bennett and Henry Leslie. Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Blanche Powell, and Mr. John Gritton were the solo vocalists. Mr. Charles S. Macpherson conducted, and also played Chopin's Ballade in G minor.

Better from Vienna.

VIENNA, December 10.

THE most interesting and important occurrence of the present season has been the performance of Handel's famous oratorio, "Theodora," under the excellent direction of the well-known conductor, Dr. Hans Richter. It is known that Handel composed this oratorio (for which the English poet, Thomas Morell, furnished the libretto after a French play) in thirty-three days, from the 28th June to the 31st July 1749, and that the great composer always professed his predilection for this work. But at her first appearance at London, in 1750, poor "Theodora" was not too well received, and became soon quite forgotten, even in England, where Handel always occupied a prominent place in the musical world. In Germany this oratorio was produced for the first time at Berlin in 1841, but without success. Afterwards, in 1860, Dr. Chrysander, the celebrated biographer of Handel, published for the Handel Society at Leipzig, in the establishment of Breitkopf & Hartel, a splendid and correct score of "Theodora," with English and German words; and in a few cities in Germany the oratorio was produced by choral societies according to Chrysander's edition. In Austria we had not yet been able to make the acquaintance of "Theodora," and we are highly indebted to Dr. Richter for having organized a performance which has been carefully studied. It is true that a complete performance was not given. Seven airs, and among them two of the most important, have been sacrificed; but, nevertheless, the oratorio produced a deep impression, and has been generally considered as one of the finest specimens of the art of Handel. The orchestration is very simple, and the choruses are not so splendid as in "Israel in Egypt" or in "The Messiah;" but the invocation of Venus by the chorus of men is one of the most charming choruses ever written, and the numerous

airs are of the highest interest. A good many of the airs have preserved the Italian ornaments which the Italian soprano and contralto singers of Handel's time reproduced with marvellous skill; but some airs are devoted only to a pure and deep dramatic expression which Gluck pursued a few years afterwards in his operas. Frau Materna (soprano), Frau Papier (contralto), Herr Winkelmann (tenor), and Herr Weiglein (basso), sang the principal parts; Frau Papier and Herr Weiglein created quite a sensation by the splendid rendering of Handel's style in the florid airs. In our times the German, and even the Italian singers, are very rare who possess the necessary technical skill for this difficult kind of vocal music.

After this performance of "Theodora," the first production of a new and important composition of Goldmark was the most striking occurrence. This still unpublished work, which the maestro wrote during last summer in his rural seclusion near the lake of Gmunden, is entitled "A Spring Overture," and is of a charming, richly-coloured character. The performance takes only seven minutes and a half. The Philharmonic Society at Budapest had the honour of the first performance of this work, and Goldmark himself conducted, which he very seldom does. The musical world of Budapest, where Goldmark is considered a Hungarian composer, because he was born in Hungary, gave an enthusiastic reception to the maestro and to his new work, which was played twice in the same concert.

The Imperial Opera House has not been very interesting during the present season, because new works are wanted for the *répertoire*. Our Opera House plays every night during ten months of the year, and therefore the *répertoire*, although it seems enormous to an *abonné* of the Parisian Académie de Musique, needs four or five new operas for every season. A good many successful German, French, and even Italian operas have not been produced in our Imperial Opera House, and really we cannot understand why they remain neglected. But the director of the Imperial Opera House, Mr. William Jahn, has a marked aversion against new works, and a singular predilection for excavating old-fashioned and forgotten German operas. In the present season he produced Flotow's old opera, "Alessandro Stradella," without any success, and Lortzing's opera buffa, "The Poacher" (*Der Wildschütz*), in which the principal part was exceedingly well played by Mdle. Renard, our charming new *soubrette*. The opera of Lortzing, which has not been played in Vienna since 1860, produced no effect whatever. Now the pleasant opera buffa of Weber, "The Three Don Pintos," found among the papers of the author of "Freischütz" and "Oberon," and completed by Gustav Mahler, director of the Royal Opera House at Budapest, is in preparation for next January. In Germany and in the German Theatre of Prague, "The Three Don Pintos" has been played with a well-deserved success. The music is really charming, and the great air of the soprano rivals Rezia's famous invocation of the ocean in "Oberon." In the month of November began a chronological and complete reproduction of all the operas of Richard Wagner, what they call in Germany a "Wagner Cycluss." Wagner's first opera, "The Fays," played till now only in the Royal Opera House at Munich, and his last famous work, "Parsifal," played only at Baireuth, do not, of course, belong to the "Cycle." The works of Richard Wagner have made an enormous progress in the favour of the Viennese public, and the Opera House is always crowded when one of them is to be played.

DR. OSCAR BERGGREEN.

Musical life in London.

POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE illustrations which we give in another part of the Magazine will interest those of our readers who frequent the Popular Concerts, and also many at a distance who would fain do so. The concert on the 26th November was specialized by the first performance of Brahms' Gipsy songs (*Zigeuner Lieder*) for four voices. This beautiful, fresh, and sparkling group of twenty short songs, or outbursts of song, is quite new, having been first produced in Germany a few weeks before. Though highly national, they are not folk-songs but settings by Brahms of a series of lyrics by the Hungarian poet Hugo Contrat, translated into English by an American lady. They depict various phases of love,—passionate, wild, tender, serious, mirthful, agitated, and blissful by turns. The singers were Mrs. Henschel, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Henschel; and the voices being so admirably balanced, and Miss Fanny Davies at the piano, the performance was worthy of the delightful music, and evoked enthusiastic applause. On the same occasion Schubert's interesting Quartet in D minor was given, with its beautiful andante con moto, and brilliant scherzo—finely played by Mme. Neruda, and Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. Also a short piece built upon a Hebrew melody "Kol Nidrei," and played by Piatti on the cello with pianoforte accompaniment by Miss Fanny Davies. The *Zigeuner-Lieder* were repeated on the following Saturday.

On Monday, 3rd ult., Madame Neruda was absent through illness. A promised quartet by Beethoven was replaced by Brahms' Quartet in G minor; and Miss Agnes Zimmermann gave one of Beethoven's favourite sonatas, a rare specimen of the great master's Aumoni (E flat major, Op. 3.). Madame Essipoff's appearance was the special feature of Monday's concert, 10th ult. That accomplished Russian pianiste gave us a varied display of her powers. Playing first with Straus and Piatti in Rubinstein's trio in B flat, her rendering of an air by Gluck and capriccio by Scarlatti, showed the still greater mastery of the instrument and of her power to produce the tenderest and most delicate effects. She also played with Madame Fannie Bloomfield a duet on two pianos by Saint-Saëns, on a theme of Beethoven's. A very graceful "Spanish Lullaby," by Mr. Gerard Cobb of Cambridge, was sung by Mr. Thorndike, with a violoncello accompaniment composed by Piatti, and played by Mr. Ernest Ford. Mr. Straus again took Madame Neruda's place.

Madame Neruda was able to appear at the concert on Saturday, 15th ult., and played with MM. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti, Mozart's Quartet in D minor, No. 2. Madame Agnes Zimmermann also played three times,—alone in Schumann's *Nachstück* in F, and *Toccata* in C major; also with Signor Piatti, in Mendelssohn's *Tema Variazioni* in D major; and with Madame Neruda and Piatti, in Schumann's Trio in G minor. Mr. Santley was the vocalist. On 17th ult. the last "Monday Popular" of the year was well attended, in spite of the persistent and choking fog, and the audience was rewarded by a particularly good concert. Mendelssohn's Quartet in D major, with its charming pastoral minuet, and still more delightful trio and andante, and brilliant finale, was in itself

worth the trouble of braving the weather. The repetition of Brahms' Gipsy Songs was the special attraction; their unique charm grows upon one. The applause was so long continued that it seemed like a determined attempt at an encore, which, however, was resolutely opposed by the greater part of the audience.

The last Saturday concert of the year comprised Schubert's Quartet in A minor, Beethoven's Sonata in A major for pianoforte and cello, and the Gipsy Songs again.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

On November 26th the concert commenced with a Shakespearian overture by Mackenzie. The programme led our thoughts to Malvolio's eccentric egotisms, and the mischievous mirth of Sir Toby, Maria, and Fabian. Malvolio dominates the Andante non troppo presto. Maria, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown are all represented in the Allegro con brio; then comes an Andante, indicative of the fair and difficult Olivia, and the Vivace molto is full of saucy triumph, wherein one can almost hear the merry crew laughing over their successful plot. Mr. Ondricek was the solo instrumentalist; and his Paganini-like exertions were crowned with applause. The great work of the concert was Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, splendidly performed. The last piece was another merry overture—this time by Smetana, who is said to have been one of Dvorák's teachers.

The novelty on the 3rd ult. was Moszkowski's *Cortège* (fantastischer Zug) for orchestra, originally written for the piano. Madame Essipoff was the great attraction; her playing quite carries her hearers away with wondering admiration. She played Schumann's Concerto in A minor with the orchestra, and two solos for the piano by Paderewski and Chopin.

On Saturday, 10th ult., the programme was very varied, commencing with Sir Arthur's overture to the "Yeomen of the Guard," and ending with Berlioz' overture to "Les Francs Juges,"—widely different; and to our mind Sir Arthur is much better to listen to than the clever Frenchman. We had Mozart's beautiful and pathetic C minor Symphony, and a symphonic prelude to Byron's "Manfred," by Praeger, full of passion and pathos. Mr. MacCunn's ballad, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," rendered by chorus and orchestra. The work was most enthusiastically received, and the excitement did not cease till the young composer appeared and bowed his acknowledgments. There is real power and genius in this composition, and Mr. MacCunn is to be congratulated on hearing his ideas so sympathetically rendered, as well as on the popularity he has achieved. Monsieur Marsick played violin solos very brilliantly, and Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli sang two solos, in one of which, from Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," she displayed great ability—though her voice has not the charm of her mother's rich contralto. These concerts ended for the present on this occasion, but will be resumed early in the New Year.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Miss Fanny Davies' playing in Mozart's D minor Concerto was the principal attraction in the second Symphony Concert, and there was a good attendance. The third concert was of very varied interest,—Mozart, Bach, and Mendelssohn first, Liszt and Wagner last. Mozart's stately overture to "Idomeneo" received due appreciation from performers and listeners. Bach's D minor Concerto for two violins was delightfully played, with the orchestra, by Miss Emily Shinner and Miss Geraldine Morgan. Those young ladies do credit to their master, Herr

Joachim: the broad tones of the second violin, and the tender phrasing of both, strongly recalled the great violinist. For execution and refinement of style these young ladies cannot be too warmly praised. Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony followed; and, after due pause, Liszt's "Orpheus," and Wagner's overture to the "Meistersingers." The fourth concert commenced with the noble "Coriolan" overture by Beethoven, which was followed by a most brilliant performance of Saint-Saëns' Concerto for Pianoforte in G minor, by Madame Essipoff. Her efforts were heartily appreciated by the delighted audience, who gave her a triple recall. The symphony performed was Berlioz' "Harold in Italy," which was given *con amore*, and received in the same spirit. The viola solo was rendered by a young player, Mr. Emil Kreuz, with great success: it was originally written for Paganini. Wagner's *Traume* and Berlioz' orchestration of the "Rakocsky" March from "Faust" were also given.

The fifth concert, not including an "extra" afternoon one, will take place January 5th.

VARIOUS CONCERTS.

Madame Patti filled the Albert Hall on the 20th November, and again on the 11th ult.; she sang six times on the first, and seven times on the second occasion, the refusal of encores not being attempted at the Albert Hall. Indeed, the vociferations of so vast an audience must be attended to, or serious complications would arise. It comes to the same thing, however, if the programmes are shortened. Repetitions and substitutions—either or both—are allowed. The public can never have enough of the world-famed prima donna; so she is to sing again on January 7, 8, and 22, before sailing for her El Dorado across the Atlantic.

St. Andrew's night was kept at St. James's and Albert Halls as usual by vivacious audiences, to whom Mesdames Patey and Lisa Lehmann, Mr. Santley, and other favourites sang Scottish songs.

The Ballad concerts are as popular as ever among the many who enjoy a series of capital songs, admirably sung by well-known artists.

Dr. Parry's "Judith" has been performed at the Novello Oratorio Concerts with marked success. The reception at the Crystal Palace we have recorded elsewhere.

At a concert given by Mr. Waldemar Meyer, the violinist, a new overture was produced by Dr. Villiers Stanford, entitled "Queen of the Seas," written in celebration of the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It is very interesting and picturesque, but hardly so triumphant as the occasion might warrant.

"The Messiah" was given in Westminster Abbey on November 29. The Empress Frederick, with Princesses Louise and Beatrice, were present; and the soloists were Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Keaston, Wilton, and Brereton.

Concerts have been given by Messrs. Heinrich and Moor at Steinway Hall, the Heckmann Quartet, the Westminster Orchestral Society, Madame Essipoff, and others.

ON Saturday afternoon, December 8, Herr von Czeke, a Hungarian violinist, gave his first annual concert at Addison Hall, Kensington, and delighted his numerous friends in various solos and concerted pieces, which were executed with considerable skill, though we thought his playing was marred by mannerism. He was assisted by several excellent artists and some amateurs. Of the former, the first place is due to Miss Mathilde Wolff, who performed admirably the piano parts in Mendelssohn's Sonata in D major for piano and violoncello and the Guillaume Tell Phantasia by Osborne and Beriot.

The Monday Pops.

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THE QUARTET PARTY.
[NERUDA, RIES, STRAUS, AND PIATTI.]

THE word "Monday Pop" is strictly an epoch-making word. It not only marks the transition period between the old and new age of musical taste in England, but it dates the musical conversion of the English people from mere noise tune and jingle to the noblest ideals of the modern tone-poets.

There was a time when a concert meant the overture to the battle of Prague, an operatic serenade by the latest importation from Italy, and the "Soldier Tired" by Miss Wilson, who was paid more than all the rest put together. If Paganini was about, he gave concerts all by himself; the only wholesome leaven was the occasional performance of a Handel oratorio. In the first half of this century there was in existence all the wealth of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Spohr, and Mendelssohn; but many of their greatest gems were unknown to the general public, and were enjoyed only as collectors enjoy coins and autographs, in small select circles of enthusiasts, commonly regarded by the work-a-day world as amiable lunatics who made much ado about nothing. In the second quarter of the century Ella was early in the field with his Musical Union, which provided for the elect what was only in the third quarter of the century to be given to the general public; but the man and the hour had in 1850 still to arrive.

Remote and strange indeed were the causes which led to the establishment of the Monday Pops. It was all because St. James's Hall was built in 1857 upon what turned out to be an

ancient quicksand on the shore of Thorney Island! It therefore cost £70,000 instead of £40,000, and its proprietors were nearly ruined. Then the hall (now the most popular in London) would not let. Something had to be done to advertise the place, stave off a financial collapse, and catch the public.

Mr. Tom and Mr. Arthur Chappell started a few concerts on the old plan—ballads and claps-traps—with moderate success, when, to use Mr. Arthur Chappell's own words, "One memorable evening Mr. Davison (*Times* critic) met me in St. James's Hall, and said, 'Why don't you make these concerts classical, and give chamber music only?'" This "splendidly audacious suggestion" was partially adopted on February 14, 1859, when the first of six quartet concerts were started,—sugared, however, with a considerable admixture of vocal pieces. But the thin end of the wedge had been inserted into the British pachyderm. It was only a question of time. His heart was soon going to be reached, and the musical Philistine nature within him practically slain.

That work has been accomplished by the wise, vigilant enthusiasm and enterprise of Mr. Arthur Chappell more than by any one else. His policy was sound and firm, yet open and sympathetic. The vocal parts of the programme gradually shrank, giving place to the standard quartets of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart. And the *Times* recorded that on the Hundredth Pop. Concert, July 7, 1862, a thousand persons were turned away from the doors.

In 1862 the Monday Pops became a permanent institution. For long the public seemed to need no other stimulant than the *chef-d'œuvres* of the older masters. Mendelssohn's unprecedented popularity made him an exception, and special concerts were devoted to his compositions. Spohr was slowly recognised, and charily admitted. Schubert towards 1870 became popular before Schumann; but Mme. Schumann's frequent appearances ended by rousing an enthusiasm which has not yet cooled down, and she remains to the present hour one of the safest Monday Pop. "draws." Brahms was next acknowledged, whilst Marie Krebs, and, above all, Hans von Bülow, 1873-1874, started the new craze for Chopin, which has been fanned into steady flame by the successive "Recitals" of Rubinstein, Menter, Essipoff, and a host more.

In 1882-1885 there was a sturdy reaction, during the wild and rapid rise of Wagner's popularity. The Monday Pop. audience, true to its generally conservative tone, demanded nothing so much as the old masterpieces again and again; Hallé with the Beethoven sonatas and the great Septet, the Mozart quartet, and so forth. But the momentary pause was followed by an inrush of new or neglected composers, and the names of Brahms, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Henselt, and Dvořák frequently occur between 1885 and 1888. It is now the received policy that no new composition of any merit be excluded from the Monday Pop's repertoire, providing a solid foundation be laid in the old

time-honoured and it must be admitted a little thread-bare worn *chef-d'œuvres*. Were I asked who have been the greatest violinists at the Monday Pops, I should say at once Joachim, Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski; and the greatest pianists, Rubinstein, Von Bülow, and Mme. Schumann; and the greatest vocalists, Santley and Sims Reeves, and of basses, Bottesini and Piatti. There have been fascinating players who have at times arrested the public *en passant*—such were Mdle. Careno, and such are Miss Fanny Davies and Mme. Janotha; whilst Charles Hallé from a rare union of qualities, de Pachmann from a singular refinement and sensibility, Mme. Sophie Menter and Mme. Essipoff, from their prodigious execution and brilliancy, stand out from their contemporaries with special lustre. But what Mr. Chappell aims at and obtains with Joachim, and in his absence, Mme. Norman Neruda as *chef* and Piatti as groundwork, is a perfect, solid, and absolutely reliable rendering of the great chamber masterpieces. No one takes liberties as was sometimes the case even at the Musical Union. No one tramps and plunges as they do in the gay, festive and *débonnaire* Heckmann quartet (which, by the way, is extremely well worth hearing, and both interesting and instructive to listen to); but there is almost an old-world serenity and peace about the Monday Pops' playing of Beethoven, smacking of a time prior to the rise of the Sturm und Drang school—it is not a macaroon and cracker entertainment at all, but the elevating musical feast of reason and flow of soul from beginning to end. This gives it a certain staying quality; other enterprises come and go, but the Monday Pops, like Tennyson's brook, go on for ever.

The Saturday and Monday Pops. audiences, with "samples" of which we present our readers, are mixed, peculiar, and quite a study in themselves. The Monday nights are mainly peopled with annual subscribers and a miscellany of clerks, shop-assistants male and female, and various nondescript but not wealthy enthusiasts. I have, however, sometimes noticed in the top gallery—a very good place for hearing—members of what Mr. Toole calls the "upper suckles," young ladies of position with their governesses, and younger sons of peers *incog*.

The orchestra seats are not exactly appropriated, but the right of regular occupants is, to

a great extent, conceded. One gentleman has occupied the same seat there for twenty-five years, and no one would think of displacing him even if he arrived a little late, which, however, he never does. To the front row of stalls the orchestral faces are tolerably familiar, and the *habitués* give quite a homely musical "House of Commons" look to these soirees.

A glance at our "corner of the orchestra" will give a notion of the very representative and serious gathering that arrives early there and leaves late.



ROBERT BROWNING.

George Eliot used to be a well-known figure in the stalls, and so is Lord Coleridge, whose love for music is well known. The President of the Royal Academy and Robert Browning are both good listeners, and a good many well-known medical men, lawyers, stockbrokers, journalists, and authors, drop in at times. The Press usually sits under the gallery near the doors,—

different critics popping in and out to hear special novelties. We also present our readers with a forcible contrast in two typical figures. There is a class of listener who, however well he knows the music, is always delighted to burden himself with a full score. He reads Beethoven's works with such gusto and evident musical perception, that he might almost spare himself the trouble of coming out at all. To him the master is the essential,—the player only an accident. Whatever the reading of Joachim or Neruda may be, the enthusiast is secure in his own reading, and quite independent of them,—indeed, he hardly ever looks

up at them at all, but holds on like grim death to his score. Other people shut their eyes. Others whisper incessantly to their companions, pointing out the beauties assiduously enough to prevent anybody near them from enjoying the music. But "the man who mistakes the Monday Pops. for the Christy Minstrels" is a truly delightful figure. He belongs to a class of disappointed wanderers who are occasionally to be met with, but only in the top gallery. At first he tries hard to see the joke, but after a while, not being able to discover where the fun comes in, he gets cross and worried, and wants

his money back. But the atmosphere of the place—as solemn as that of a prayer-meeting, as it seems to him—keeps him in check. Something, he knows, is wrong, and at last he humbly supposes it may be himself, and he slinks out after the second piece, and goes home a sadder, if not a wiser man, resolved never to go there again. He tells his friends that, "As for the Christys, there was only four on 'em, and one was a woman; and there was no chorus and no larks, d—e!"



AN ENTHUSIAST.

We remember sitting in the top gallery once behind an exquisite couple. Sims Reeves was to sing, and a well-meaning artisan had brought a sailor friend who had heard of the great Reeves, who sang "Tom Bowling" and the "Death of Nelson." They came, in fact, "to hear Sims Reeves."



SIR FREDK. LEIGHTON.

A Haydn quartet began. "What's this 'ere?" says the sailor, under his breath. "O well—yer see—they begins like that—that's all." End of first movement, sailor gets restive. "Ow long is it a-going on?" he asks as the four musicians plunge into the andante. "You wait a bit," says the artisan, with the affected superiority which silences without convincing the honest tar. At last the third movement begins, and in a louder and more anxious voice the sailor asks, "When's 'e a-coming in?"

"Oo?" "Why, Sims Reeves, to be sure—'aint we come to 'eer 'im?" The artisan by this time was getting a little staggered himself, but with great presence of mind he improvised the following explanation or apology—"It's all



A CORNER OF THE ORCHESTRA.

right—ye see—these chaps (Joachim, Piatti, etc., ye gods!) come on first—just to make a little noise and settle the folk like—a-fore Reeves appears—that's why—introduction for him—that's all—d-y see?" This ought to have done very well, but the sailor was getting regular "riled."

When after the quartet Charles Hallé came in and treated him to a Beethoven sonata, his friend, who was now beginning to lose heart himself, with difficulty kept him quiet. At last—at last after a pause—on comes Sims Reeves in one of his quietest moods with "Come into the garden, Maud." He was scarcely audible in the gallery. It was one of those nights on which he reserved himself, presenting his audience with a chest note at the end and little else. The sailor's blank astonishment and



THE MAN WHO MISTAKES THE MONDAY POPS.
FOR THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

disgust can be more easily imagined than described. When the inexplicable storm of applause subsided—"Come and 'ave a drink," says he. "I say, mate, you are a bloke—a jolly bloke, to bring me to this ere darned place—you ought to stand me a double drink for this job," and they both went out and I saw them no more!

Notwithstanding this, these concerts, classical and severe as they are, can be called none other than Popular. Two things were possible at the outset,—as usual, the broad and the narrow way lay before Mr. Arthur Chappell. He could have pandered to the then popular taste, or he could set himself to change that taste. He chose the bold and perilous course of leading instead of following, and he ended by converting the public.

There is now no more frequented, elevating, and refined entertainment in London,—nor one which appeals to a wider and more miscellaneous class, than the Monday and the Saturday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall.

H. R. HAWES.

Souvenirs of an Impresario.

BY MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

CHAPTER XXIV.—continued.

DR. HUEFFER, a musician and litterateur of the highest merit, who has written the librettos of several operas, is, at the present moment, the *Times* musical critic. As his name indicates, he is German in his origin and tastes, and professes

a great enthusiasm for Richard Wagner, to whose immense popularity he has contributed in no small degree. The German master's works have, during the last few years, been performed in London, under the direction of Dr. Hans Richter, the celebrated Viennese conductor.

Mr. Bennett is the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, and was for many years the friend and collaborateur of Mr. James Davison in the *Musical World*. He also has done good service to the cause of music by his enlightened and independent articles in the above periodicals. Music holds a more important place in his journal than in the *Times*, which is perhaps due to the fact that Mr. Levy, the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, has a very musical family, and one of his daughters, now Mme. Goetz, has composed some delightful melodies, well known to all the musical world.

Among other English critics, I may also mention Messrs. Sutherland Edwards, Barrett, Lincoln, Ryan, and Betts, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Cherubino," writes articles in the English *Figaro*, which, notwithstanding their light and lively character, possess considerable merit.

French critics are as numerous as English, and equally original and learned. I have already spoken of Berlioz, who was for a long while chief among them. M. Jouvin, though not a musician, possessed exquisite musical taste and feeling; his critiques in *Figaro* were models of style, and were characterized by extreme elegance and breadth of view. M. Auguste Vitu, his successor, emulates him in these excellences. Knowing that one word from the *Figaro* might have serious consequences, M. Vitu is as tolerant as M. Jouvin; and the critiques lose none of their value through their good nature. Messrs. Saint-Saëns, Joncières, Reyer, Wilder (the translator of Wagner's works), Oscar Commettant, Weber, Alphonse Duvernoy, Fourcade, Arthur Pougin, Francis Thomé, de Lauziers, Guy de Charnacé, Armand Gouzien, Ferrari, etc., are the chief writers who occupy the position of musical critics; their names suffice to indicate their rank in the French Press, and the importance attached to their judgment.

Dr. Edouard Hanslick, musical critic to the *Free Press* of Vienna, is, without controversy, the most eminent German critic. I cannot better characterize him than by saying that he is the Davison of Germany. He possesses consummate musical science, and combines great good nature with unflinching firmness. The books and musical articles which he has written will be of lasting value as classics.

Among the Viennese critics we may also mention M. Frey, of the *Tagblatt*, a very remarkable writer.

Professor Gumprecht, of the *National Zeitung*, is certainly the kindest and most competent of Berlin critics.

M. Filippo-Filippi, of the *Forsveransa* at Milan, and the Marquis D'Arcaës, critic to the *Opinione* at Rome, have rendered very great service to musical art in Italy. Both of them, in their different spheres, by their love and devotion to the art, by their independence and appreciation of foreign music, have contributed in a notable manner to the great lyrical revolution which we now witness in Italy, and which was inaugurated by M. Sonzogno, proprietor of that widely circulated journal *Il Secolo di Milan*. For pure love of the art M. Sonzogno has become a music publisher, and has succeeded in acclimatizing French *chefs-d'œuvre* in his country. "Carmen," "Mignon," "Lakmé," and "Le Perle du Brésil," etc., have been represented at his own risk, and, of course,

added immensely to his already multifarious labours.

The system of journalism in America differs entirely from that followed in Europe. The American journals are constantly changing their editors. The last time, however, that I was in America I met Mr. Wight and Mr. Krehbril, both of them distinguished musicians and critics, the one of the *New York Herald*, the other of the *Tribune*: let us hope that they are exceptions to the fatal system, and are writing still.

Another signal exception to the American system is the *New York Times*, in which Mr. F. Schwab has long filled with much authority the post of musical critic. His satirical style has earned him the nickname of the "Mephistopheles of Journalism."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SOVEREIGNS.

KING DAVID, who played upon the harp, and composed psalms which will never perish, was not the only monarch who has manifested a taste for music.

It is certain that the love of music in sovereigns is not without influence on their own and their people's destiny. It is a significant fact that the kings and emperors who have loved music have been happier than those who were indifferent to it, and whose reigns were troublous, and their deaths violent or unhappy. The present Emperor of Germany (William I.) is an enthusiast for the art; he has never missed one of Patti's performances, and after each concert or representation he has always come upon the stage to thank and congratulate the artists. At a concert given by Patti at Baden-Baden, all the places were taken, when the King of Prussia, who was not then Emperor, made known to me his desire to hear the Diva; and I had to place two chairs on the stage, before all the audience, for the King and his brother Charles; and the worst of it was, that in order to leave their seats, they had to descend an inconvenient little staircase, which might have caused his Majesty an awkward fall.

Twenty years later, and again at Baden-Baden, I organized a concert, where Emma Thursby was to sing, and to increase the *éclat* of the evening, I invited the Emperor to honour us by his presence. He immediately remembered the former occasion, so long past, and the adventure I have recounted; promised to accede to my request, and took fifty places, in order that his Court as well as himself might see and applaud the new star. A State concert is given every week at Berlin, under the direction of Madame Artot, who occasionally sings. Although we cannot attribute the splendor of His Majesty's reign entirely to music, yet we may affirm that it has not been without service to that prosperity.

The Queen of England resembles the Emperor of Germany in her marked partiality for the musical art; moreover, she has a charming voice, and is an able musician. Old Lablache, who was the Queen's singing-master, often said that if Her Majesty had not been the Queen of Great Britain, she would have been one of the queens of song. Prince Albert shared the Queen's love of music, and was one of Mendelssohn's chief admirers. All the Royal Family of England are musical. The Prince of Wales is an accomplished amateur; the Princess is a pupil of Hallé's, and a brilliant player; and the Duke of Edinburgh might gain an honourable livelihood by his violin; his salary as Admiral,

however, forbids us to suppose that he will ever be obliged to handle the bow for that purpose.

The Emperor of Russia is an excellent performer on the French horn, and whilst Czarewitch, he once accompanied Madame Nilsson on that instrument. During her recent sojourn at Copenhagen, Madame Nilsson sang the same air at a concert; the Emperor was present, and was greatly moved at the remembrance.

Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, loved music almost as much as the chase. After Patti's first performance at Florence, the King sent me the cross of St. Maurice and St. Lazare. Queen Marguerite, who is now the idol of her people, is as great a lover of music as her father-in-law. She is particularly fond of Wagner's music, and musical progress in Rome has, thanks to her, been greatly extended.

Isabella, Queen of Spain, is a good singer, and music is one of her favourite relaxations. She sent me the Order of Charles III. The Queen of Belgium is passionately fond of music, and has contributed largely to its progress in Belgium of late years.

The Emperor of Austria spends about a million francs every year in order to keep up in Vienna an opera which shall rival that of Paris. The Emperor of Brazil also maintains the Italian Opera, which is to-day the most flourishing in the world.

The King of Denmark once said to me, "My kingdom is small, but what sovereign can boast of so many grand alliances? One of my daughters is Empress of Russia, another will be Queen of England, and my son is King of Greece." The King of Denmark is a most amiable man, and full of interest in all that concerns the arts.

It was Louis of Bavaria, whose sad death occurred some time since, who recognised the genius of Wagner, and made that republican maestro a partisan of royalty. The King of Holland, notwithstanding the enforced economy of a small treasury, is none the less a true musical amateur.

Rossini used to compose a little melody every year for the King of Portugal, who, by way of thanks, would send a barrel of port to the composer. With the last barrel the King wrote to Rossini, "I only hope my wine will prove as good as your composition was beautiful." His Majesty Oscar, King of Sweden, has a magnificent bass voice, and sings like a great artist.

Amidst the musical sovereigns we must place the Baron James de Rothschild, for he was indeed a monarch to whom many crowned heads were tributary. Rothschild rarely dined out of his own house, but he made an exception in favour of his friend Rossini, whose birthday anniversary he always "kept," by dining at the composer's table. This taste for music is possessed by all the Rothschilds. Mme. Willy de Rothschild of Frankfort has herself composed some charming melodies. Her setting of Victor Hugo's lines, "*Si vous n'avez rien à me dire*," has been sung by all the great singers. The Baron Alphonse de Rothschild of Paris is a veritable Mæcenas. A singer belonging to my company at *la salle Venturini*, wrote to Baron Alphonse asking for pecuniary help; the Baron applied to me for information as to the needs of his petitioner, and the next day sent her a thousand francs, at the same time requesting me to acquaint him with any case worthy of assistance. M. Alfred de Rothschild of London shows the same ready benevolence to English musicians. Himself possessed of a fine baritone voice, admirably trained, he literally overwhelms the artists by his generosity. And here I think it is only an

act of justice to call attention to the house of Rothschild, which in point of charity has not its equal in the world. Whether in London, Paris, Frankfort, or Vienna, the Rothschilds are ever seeking out the miserable, and solacing them; for which purpose they have organized a special service which gives employment to hundreds.

Napoleon the Great did not love music, and his successor, Napoleon III., notwithstanding various useless efforts, never really cared for the art. Their reigns both ended gloomily. There is no rule without exception. The beautiful Marie Antoinette was a great musician; but that did not save her from the guillotine.

The Sultan Abdul-Aziz, and the Viceroy Ismael of Egypt, who at a splendid *fête* given in London by the Duke of Sutherland, showed their admiration for the marvellous gift of Madame Patti, each had a tragic end. The first was assassinated, the second was dethroned; but these exceptions do not destroy the truth of my remark on the influence of music on the fortunes of those who appreciate it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION.

IN closing this volume, I may sum up my opinions on the present aspects and prospects of Italian Opera.

Notwithstanding the tendency which is now universally felt towards the creation in each country of a national school of music, it is my personal conviction that Italian Opera will sooner or later resume the place which belonged to it for more than three hundred years. The statesman D'Azeglio wrote, that those nations which devoted themselves unreservedly to the arts, and worshipped the artists, were in decadence. There is certainly some truth, however exaggerated, in this statement; at any rate it is strictly true as regards Italian Opera, whose decadence is due to the absurdities committed by the passion of the public for certain artists, and which ought to have been resisted by impresarios. Without discussing or depreciating the talent of artists charged with the interpretation of the great masters, one cannot help comparing the value set upon the interpreter with that of the composer; and the fact is that in the present day a composer of Italian Opera, instead of holding the first place, has not even the second. A reaction, however, has commenced, and the decadence of Italian Opera will be arrested when artists who are not "stars," but yet real singers, are accepted by the public.

For the moment the opera is everywhere under a cloud; but, like the phoenix, it will rise renewed from its ashes: this at least is my profound conviction, built upon more than forty years' experience. With the disappearance of certain stars whose exactions have caused this deplorable state of things, the artistic sky will soon clear. As long as people will obstinately declare operatic representations impossible without the support of some fabulously paid singer, the directors of London, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg will find all their efforts to revive Italian Opera useless, and will ruin themselves without profiting the art. Salaries of five and ten thousand francs per night are not in proportion to the services rendered; and it is grievous to be obliged to own that the excessive remuneration which they have exacted from the directors, has been the chief cause of the serious and universal loss.

To speak only of London, and to give an example of the result produced by the closing

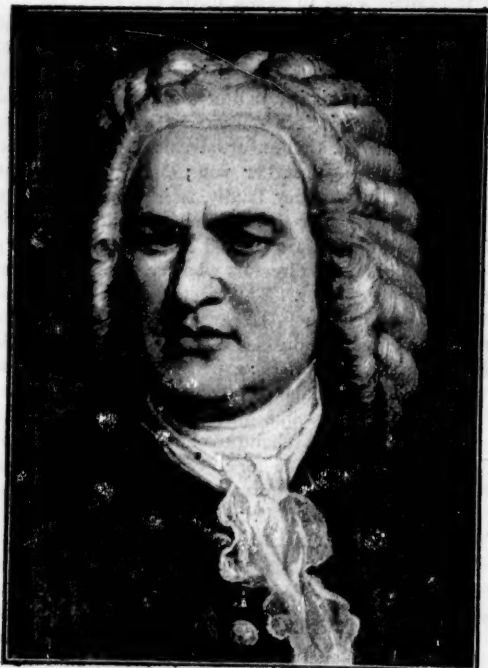
of the opera season, it will be sufficient to notice that for one season of three months the opera gives a year's livelihood to a considerable number of people. At least a thousand persons are dependent upon the Covent Garden Theatre,—chorus singers, mechanics, and costumiers, not to speak of the orchestra players, who keep themselves and their families by their employment in connection with the theatre. The same may be said of the continental capitals; this is a matter which the stars should consider; it is a question of humanity. I am well aware that an artist cannot be compelled to sing against her will; one can only hope that before they finally retire from the stage they may offer less difficult conditions for their appearance. Celebrated prima donnas are very rich, and the directors who have enriched them are very poor. This seems at first sight an anomaly, which, however, is explained by the fact that the divas are not responsible for their artistic enterprises; expenses and receipts must always be balanced; and this becomes practically impossible when half the receipts are promised beforehand to one single singer. This may be possible for a concert, but not for a theatre; in the former, the expenses are comparatively small, and they are not daily, consequently do not weigh down a long-continued enterprise. I hope to find all my artists in a better world, when I shall not have to pay them salaries; then I shall have double pleasure in hearing the marvellous voices which have given so much delight here below. Meantime I have no desire to hasten that happy meeting, but am content for the present to thank the dear artists whose talents have so largely contributed to lighten the labours of my long career.

The hand of death was laid on Maurice Strakosch before the full realization of what he anticipated to be the crowning triumph of his career. The old impresario felt assured that with Nikita the glories of his younger days with Adelina would be renewed. Maurice Strakosch was well named the star-discoverer, and this time he had discovered a star whose rays were to shed fresh lustre over the artistic firmament. Unhappily it was not vouchsafed to him to see the completion of his task. For months he had devoted himself heart and soul to Nikita's training, and when all was ripe for a harvest of fame and fortune, the husbandman had to quit the field and leave the yellow corn to the sickle of another reaper. But truly he laboured not in vain; who can tell if the last achievement of Maurice Strakosch may not yet prove to be the greatest? The name of Nikita is not mentioned in the *Souvenirs*. It was the original intention of her impresario to defer her first appearance in public until after the 1st of January 1888. The contract was afterwards antedated, and she actually made her *début* on the 5th March 1887; but by this time the *Souvenirs* were already in the press. The following is the impresario's published opinion of his gifted pupil, and with this glimpse into the future these memories of the past may be brought to a fitting conclusion:—

I have travelled for forty years over the world with celebrities, and had concluded that the hour for rest had sounded. My first impulse, before hearing the voice of the charming little American, was to refuse to accede to the solicitations of Madame Strakosch. I heard her after some hesitation, and I must confess her first note captured me. I never heard such a marvellous voice before. She is a revelation—the incarnation of dramatic and musical genius, and the future opens itself before her brighter than it has ever for any star in the artistic firmament. She will be the greatest cantatrice the world has ever heard!

FINIS.

Bach's Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues.



SEBASTIAN BACH.

IN the year 1717 Sebastian Bach entered the service of Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen. Before that he had been for many years at Weimar, as Court organist. At Cöthen he was Capellmeister and director of the Prince's chamber-music. Dr. Spitta tells us that it was here that he spent the happiest years of his life; and here he wrote the French Suites and the "Well-tempered Clavier." In 1720 he accompanied the Prince to Carlsbad, and, according to an old and fairly trustworthy tradition, he strove to preserve himself against depression and tedium by composing a set of preludes and fugues in all the major and minor keys. It would be, perhaps, more correct to say that he tried to complete a set, for at least two of the twenty-four fugues belong to the Weimar period, and the work does not appear to have been finished until 1722. It must be remembered that although the title "The Well-

tempered Clavier" is commonly applied to the two sets of twenty-four preludes and fugues, it properly belongs only to the first. It was written, according to Bach's own words, "for the use and practice of young musicians who desire to learn, as well as for those who are already skilled in this study, by way of amusement."

The second set belongs to the Leipzig period: according to Hilgenfeldt, the author of a life of Bach, it was finished in 1740, but according to Schwencke, 1744.

There are three autographs of the first set. No. 1 (of which one sheet, containing the F sharp major fugue and the first six bars of the F sharp minor prelude, is missing), known from the name of its possessor as the Wagener autograph, is supposed by Spitta to have been the one kept by Bach for his own use. No. 2 (also not quite complete)

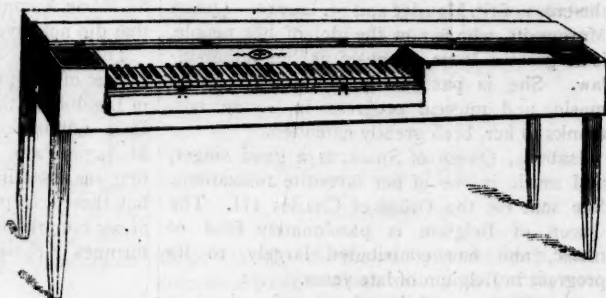
is said to have belonged to Wilhelm Friedemann, Bach's eldest son; it is now in the Berlin Library. No. 3, the Nägeli autograph, is in the Zurich Library; it was sold by a daughter of Emanuel Bach after her father's death, and therefore probably belonged to E. Bach. The first six preludes and fugues are not, however, in S. Bach's handwriting. There is, besides, a copy of the first part in the Royal Library at Berlin known as the Fischhof'sches autograph, but its authenticity has not been fully established.

There is an autograph of the A flat major fugue (second set, in the Berlin Royal Library; no other part of it in Bach's handwriting has been discovered. Some fragments of a valuable MS. were for a long time considered as autographs, but Dr. Spitta declares that they are not genuine. It does indeed seem strange that the original copy of so important a work should have disappeared. At Bach's death it may possibly have come into the possession of his eldest son, Friedemann, and he may have sold it, as he is supposed to have done with the autograph of the first part given to him by his father, and which fortunately has been preserved.

But, if no autograph, there are many important copies; one by Kirnberger, Bach's able pupil, and author of the "Kunst der reinen Satzes in der Musik;" another by Altnikol, Bach's pupil and son-in-law; a third by the already named Hamburg organist, Schwencke; and a fourth by Forkel, the biographer of Bach. There is another curious copy, but the writer is unknown. Nearly all the pieces in it are more or less altered—notes and figures changed, and ornaments added. To what extent this unknown tampered with Bach may be seen from the first three bars of the 5th fugue of the first part in his version:



at variance with all the other copies, which

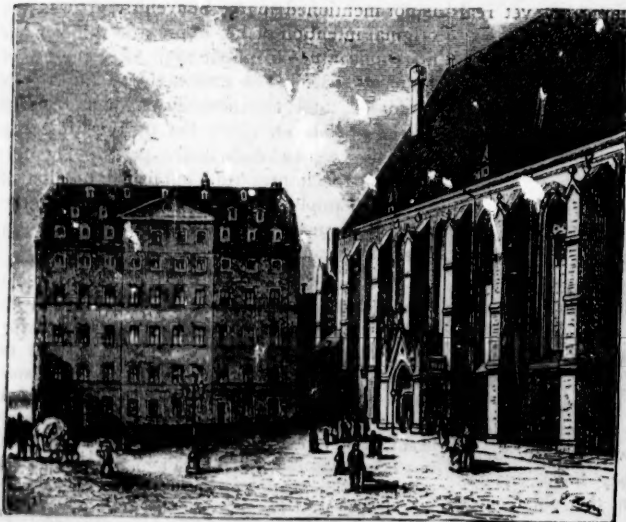


BACH'S CLAVIER.

certainly differ, but in minor points only. Something must be said too about the Forkel copy, which is specially remarkable for the shortened form in which many of the preludes appear. (For the benefit of those who would like to compare them with the usually printed forms, it may be mentioned that they are to be found in the Wolfenbüttel edition; Preludes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15 of the first part.) The story in connection with these shortened forms is a curious one. Forkel, who corresponded for many years with Bach's sons, Friedemann and Emanuel, asserted that he possessed documents which proved that these shortened forms represent the composer's latest intentions, whereas most musicians look upon them as sketches from which the more elaborate versions were worked out. What these documents were remains unknown; no trace has been found of them. A book, however, has been preserved, which may help one to form an opinion as to the value of Forkel's statement. The Wagener autograph already mentioned bears the date 1722. Now Bach's book consisting of pieces written in 1720 for his little son Friedemann contains, among other things, all the above-mentioned preludes in shortened form—yet not the Forkel form. Two years afterwards, in the Wagener autograph, they appear much elaborated. It is scarcely likely that Bach afterwards returned to a simpler treatment.

Not until fifty years after Bach's death were the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues printed, by Nägeli at Zurich, and by Simrock at Bonn and Paris. Of later editions the most valuable is that of the Bach Society, which contains a preface giving a detailed account of nearly all the autographs and copies, and an appendix with the different readings of certain passages in the most important printed and unprinted copies.

Bach's *opus magnum* was admired by the few of his contemporaries who were acquainted with it, and the older it becomes the more marvellous does it appear. Of the composer even the great Mozart declared, "He is the father, we are the lads." Beethoven's reverence for Bach is well known, and it is said that before the age of twelve he could play the greater number of the forty-eight. Schumann, in his advice to young musicians, wrote, "Play diligently fugues of good masters, especially those of Sebastian Bach. Let the 'Well-tempered Clavier' be your daily bread."



BACH'S HOUSE IN LEIPZIG.

From a purely mechanical point of view, all the great pianists have found the forty-eight of inestimable value, but as training for the mind they are equally valuable. And there cannot be a more pleasing and profitable way of studying harmony and counterpoint than by analyzing these masterpieces. It has been well said that example is better than precept, and here we can see the dry rules of the text-books illustrated. In some works on harmony examples from the masters are given, but musical quotations occupy considerable space, and they are, like the plums in little Jack Horner's pudding, few and far between. In treatises on counterpoint it is even worse. Cherubini and Sir G. A. Macfarren, for instance, give the rows of figures showing the result of inversion in the seven different kinds of double counterpoint; then a few remarks on the same; and wind up with one or two examples, which, musically, are about as interesting as a table of logarithms *per se* would be to a mathematician. Of course, it may be argued, as before, that their object was to save space, and further, that it devolves on the teacher to apply and illustrate the rules. Still, it seems to us that they might have introduced examples from the classics, however few in number. Mr. Banister, for example, does actually enliven the rules for double counterpoint in the octave by an example from one of Bach's fugues, and this makes his specimens of double counterpoint in the 10th and 12th more than ever formal and dry.

Let us then open the pages of Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier" and examine some of its wealth. And let us begin first with the double counterpoints in the 8th, 10th, and 12th, and after that take the rarer ones of the 9th, 11th, 13th, and 14th. It is in the employment of these latter that Bach shows both his ingenuity and his genius. Every effort will be made to spare the time and patience of our readers, yet so far as is possible passages will be named rather than quoted.

(To be continued.)

Nikita.

THE Russians have received Nikita with enthusiasm. At the conclusion of her first concert in Moscow, she was recalled times without number, until finally Mr. Robert Strakosch had to come forward and entreat the excited audience to leave the hall! All the papers recall the memory of Patti's visit to Russia, and pronounce Nikita a worthy successor. Three concerts were given in Moscow with the assistance of the orchestras of the Imperial Theatre and the Philharmonic Society. The audience, which included all the nobility, beauty, wealth, fashion, and art of Moscow, comprised more than 5000 persons. The city of Tula, about 100 miles south of Moscow, was also honoured with two visits. Thence the young prima donna proceeded to St. Petersburg, where she achieved fresh triumphs at the Philharmonic Concert on the 8th December, under the direction of Rubinstein. From St. Petersburg to Finland, from Finland to Bucharest, from Bucharest to Constantinople. Finns, Roumanians, and Turks will all fall under the same magic spell. It is only to be hoped that Nikita does not make too deep an impression on the susceptible heart of the Sultan!

At the Roseries.

BY H. R. HAWEIS.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

IT was one of those soft mid-spring days when there seems a subtle magnetism of life in the air which sets the heart a-beating,—just such a day as may have inspired Tennyson when he wrote—

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast,
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest,
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

I looked in upon Cousin Phoenix. He was sitting at a wide open window after breakfast, holding a pink and, as I soon discovered, delicately perfumed letter in his hand.

"Ah, my dear friend," he said, "I was dreaming a little—not asleep—oh dear no! What a celestial morning! Look out over the sea—there's a picture—a little heat-haze on the horizon—the pale blue sky—so very pale—golden sun on the steaming sands" (when Phoenix had anything on the tip of his tongue he always wandered off into a side issue in this way)—"what peace! what serenity! May one not say,—

All save the spirit of man is divine?"

"But what set you dreaming?"

"Dreaming?—did I say so?—well, yes. This little note—'tis from Julia Shenstone—bah! I mean Julia Sartoris. The handwriting is not changed—no, not in a line or a dot. Oh, Venice, Venice! beautiful Venice!—and still more beautiful youth—we're only young once, my dear young friend. What a woman she was, sir—odd thing about women," he continued, waving the little pink note to emphasize the remark. "I don't believe that any of 'em think that thirty years makes any real difference in their looks,—and Julia does wear well,—but—but"—

Exactly what was passing in the old beau's mind I shall never know, but I think I could guess. Phoenix had a sentiment about Julia which did not amount to any real revival of passion.

Julia, now verging on fifty, still queenly, dignified, and admirably preserved, perhaps had more than a sentiment for Phoenix—he seemed to resume so much of her past; and that odd and subtle transference of association which sometimes leads a man to marry his wife's dearest friend, or her sister, may have touched Julia, and Phoenix may have known it; yet at that ripe age both could continue to associate without restraint on the old and honourable ground of established friendship,—and Julia could be resigned and Phoenix content. I do not know why all this flashed through my mind, as Phoenix again sat down, still holding the pink letter, which he now handed to me.

"Read it, my boy—no confidences."

"DEAR COUSIN," it began, "the roses are out. Come over and dine and spend the evening. Come soon. Our poet is with us. He is more visionary than ever, and quite too amusingly tragic—I hope somewhat more steady. You know Sartoris always has a good influence over him. He has been reading us some really lovely poems lately. I have asked the others."

"Who are the others?" I inquired.

"Why, you and Aurelia and Alexis, of course!"

Indeed, we had come to be a little close circle, into which an occasional sympathetic soul, like Monasterio (and now it seems the poet), found an easy and genial admission.

"We can sit out late," the note went on; "the air here is so soft and warm. The nightingales in the woods all round us sing soon after sunset. You will only be an hour driving back by moonlight at any time. So come to-morrow, and we will have what Alexis calls 'a good time'—*n'est-ce pas?*"
—Yours,
JULIA.

"I suppose," I said, handing the pink letter back to Phoenix, "Alexis has got the invitation by this morning's post. I have got nothing; but I certainly don't mean to be left out."

"I'll answer for you," says Phoenix quietly "Seats for four—an open carriage and a couple of greys. We'll call for you at six to-night—be at the Roseries in less than an hour."

As we drove through the lanes, fragrant with the heavy May bloom, Aurelia, who seemed in the highest spirits, suddenly took in a long, deep breath. "Oh," she said, "it's like champagne—only so much better—it's getting into my head. What a delicious scent! I must really quiet down before we reach the stately Mme. Julia. I should so like to jump out of the carriage and run;" and she half rose in her seat.

"Ah, my dear young lady," exclaimed the gallant Phoenix, with a little spasmodic sigh and an eye-twinkle, peculiar to him, half tender, half comic,

Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind,
That lightens o'er the heart!

"And what will you say for Mme. Julia? She too must have her motto to-night."

Without a moment's reflection, Phoenix broke forth, placing one hand upon his heart, and waving majestically towards the white moon, that hung in the purple sky half dazzled by the descending sun:—

"Julia!—Julia!—

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and right
Meet in her aspect and her eyes!"

It was quite evident this was not the first time those lines had occurred to Phoenix. We knew them well. It was one of his stock quotations. But we never knew before that they were—had been, doubtless, for years—associated with Julia Sartoris.

"Have you seen the poet we are to meet to-night, and who is he? Do you know anything about him?"

"Oh," said Alexis, "we must be prepared for a strange being, I am told. Sartoris calls him a '*génie égaré*.' He is quite young. He is English. He was at school near Bordeaux with Sartoris some years ago; and he is only twenty-three now. They couldn't make anything of him in school. He did nothing there but read French novels, and rave about Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset."

"And his father and mother?" asked Aurelia, who had suddenly quieted down. "Didn't they look after him? I know Mr. Sartoris was telling you all about him the other day, but you never told me what he said, Alexis. We ought to be properly prepared; you know one does not meet a poet every day. He is born, not made."

"*Nascitur non fit*," interposed Phoenix sentimentally, always proud of a scrap of Latin however well worn.

"Well, I did hear a good deal about him, and not all to his credit. He was certainly a puzzle to his worthy parents, who are well off, and he is an only son. His father can't get on with him at all. His mother is devoted to him, but only half understands him. He seems to have run away from home at the age of twelve, and was discovered amongst a troupe of travelling actors at a provincial fair. Then he ran

away from school, and was found at Liverpool, resolved to get to Italy somehow. It seems he had been reading 'Childe Harold.' At home he was always writing. He used to come down to breakfast with reams of foolscap paper written over with verses, and read them aloud in season and out of season to any one who would listen. No one could make head or tail of the verses. Some indeed seemed quite shocking to his poor mother—most bitter against religion and the established order of things—and all seemed great rubbish to his father. His grandfather seems to have died of *delirium tremens*, so there was some wildness in the blood; and, although his father was as sober and dry an old stick as could well be, unhappily Victor inherited from his grandfather a certain thirst for excitement, and, it must be added, *alcohol*. This seems to have come out in France, and led to his leaving the academy, where he seems to have picked up nothing except an exhaustive acquaintance with French romantic literature, a taste for *eau de vie*, and the habit of smoking, which last, as his health is in a very precarious state, he has been forced to give up."

"And the drink?"

"Well, when he is at the Roseries, they take care of him like a child—they know he must always have brandy on the table at dinner, but the butler has orders when he goes round with the wines to keep his brandy well watered, and, as he talks incessantly and often in the most brilliant and excited way, he does not notice at once the impaired quality of his drink, and they keep him sober and comparatively well. Alexis understands him, and he is very fond of him, and so we shall probably see him at his best."

"What a dreadful person!" exclaimed Aurelia, with a little shudder; "and how sorry I am for him, but I don't look forward with much pleasure to seeing him."

"Oh, he can be well enough when he likes, and then he is always original, but one never knows what he's going to say next."

"That in itself must be a great charm," says Phoenix; "for any half-dozen people,—present company of course excepted,—with one or two cues, one can make up the conversation at dinner beforehand all around."

"Oh, I assure you he's ever so clever, but very odd and unlike other people. Now fancy—he writes poetry, and is always publishing too, but under different *noms de plume*. The papers and magazines pay him well for his verses, and he has been urged to sign his name, and collect his poems."

"And won't he?"

"Not yet," that is always his answer. He is so fastidious—he loves his rhymes and believes in them thoroughly, but he works with an artistic self-restraint and a severe judgment one would little expect to have found in him. His poetic ideal rises ever above his achievement, and he will put his name to nothing. "Some day perhaps—yes, if I live—or by and by,—when I'm dead, I may leave some things."

"He has the soul of a true artist," says Phoenix.

"Yes," replied Alexis, and that is the one thing which draws Victor and Sartoris together—they are both artists—born artists *aux bouts des doigts*—though, oddly enough, Victor is not at all musical."

"Then I am quite sure we shall never get on," said Aurelia. Aurelia was always positive.

"Wait," said Phoenix, taking my arm and whispering in my ear. "If I know that pretty dove, she will have no eyes or ears to-night for any one but the wayward poet."

"What are you whispering about?" said Aurelia, with a little conscious flush.

"Why, that's a secret," says Phoenix, "or I should have said it out loud; but I have no secrets from Miss Aurelia, and some day she will know."

We entered the Rosery park gates.

The rhododendrons were already out in two glorious banks of bloom on either side of us. Mme. Julia, with a light shawl thrown over her fine shoulders, and leaning on her son's arm, was walking on the velvety lawn in front of the house as we drove up. She certainly did not look over forty, as she came to greet us on our alighting. Her large dark eyes, her high colour, and warm-tinted, clear skin, reminded one a little of the South American girls. She had a touch, too, of the beautiful Arlesian women about her. Her hair was still raven black, whether by art or nature we will not stop to inquire; the crow's foot alone defied art. She was a large, shapely woman, with much more figure left than usually belongs to full and fleshy women of her age, and she managed her draperies with Eastern grace.

"How fortunate we are that you could all come, and at so short a notice too!" she exclaimed, with the most charming smile, and that *empressement* which, in Frenchwomen, is so taking even when put on, but in Madame it was quite genuine: her natural sensibility always rose to the surface; behind it there was still a stately reserve of manner, but one only became aware of this at times. A look, a quiet word, a little gesture on occasion, that was all, but just enough to make one feel that Mme. Julia could keep everybody in their right place, and might be dangerous if offended. Aurelia liked her, but was a little afraid of her. Perhaps Madame's greatest social defect was that she had no sense of English fun—satire, yes, and humour, too, of a certain kind, but that healthy exuberance of animal spirit, which overflows at times into the rippling laughter of the merry English girl, that was not sympathetic to Mme. Julia; she was polite and indulgent to it, that was all. De Sartoris was much more English than his mother. She had been born and bred in England, and had become foreign; he had been born and bred in France, and had become English: and both were a little foreign in manner as in talk.

Mme. Julia, after giving her finger-tips to Phoenix,—who, as he usually did, bent low, and kissed them in true Continental style,—and shaking hands with the rest of us, drew Aurelia's arm affectionately within hers, and said, loud enough for us all to hear, "*Ma chère, nous allons dîner al fresco*; won't that be nice? I am shut up so much all the winter—I love these balmy evenings—*j'étouffe dans la maison*. Will it be agreeable to you, gentlemen? Ah! here is the poet."

As she spoke there sauntered out of a conservatory, through which one passed into the house, a slight, rather *déconsu*-looking figure, with a quantity of bright bronze-coloured hair and a broad and tall forehead and pointed chin; his eyes had something a little startled and *farouche* about them, but flickered and sparkled in an odd way, so that one could not help looking at them; the ill-shapen and restless mouth was covered with a careless moustache. On seeing him every one had the same impression—his forehead and eyes were like a god's; his pointed and rather retreating chin, the lower part of his face, weaker than any child's; it was a face at once forbidding and fascinating.

"Victor, Victor, do not go away!" for the poet, who had come on us unawares, showed signs of evading us, but, seeing himself noticed, he came half shyly towards Mme. Julia, and when she introduced him by name as "our dear friend Victor, of whom you have all

heard," he bowed not ungracefully to the company, and took the first opportunity of making his escape. I don't think he said a word except "Very well," when Sartoris told him we were to dine in the *boisage*, a little shrubbery of flowers and wild roses which cut off a semicircular portion of the wide lawn at the back of the house. It was indeed a delicious spot for such a *fête champêtre*. The house, in reality close by, and every human habitation, were completely hidden. The lawn stretched with a gentle slope towards a little river that ran through the grounds; beyond the river was a field spotted with gold and crimson flowers, and beyond the field a pine forest. The shadows were lengthening, a sweet mellow light fell upon the landscape, the sky was all aglow with orange that melted into pale violet, and as we sat down we could see the descending fires of the sun breaking here and there through the black stems of pine-wood, like bits of ragged gold leaf scattered in the west.

(To be continued.)

Pianoforte Playing.

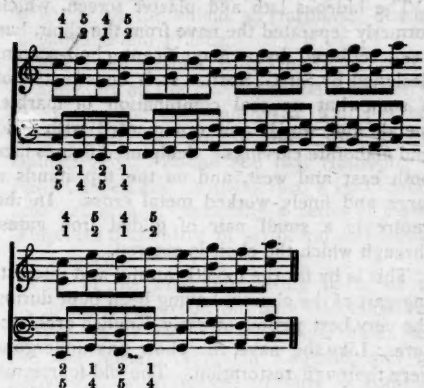
CHAPTER III.

WHEN all the scales have been thoroughly mastered—also not an easy accomplishment—(the pupil taking care to play each hand separately and in contrary motion)—the study of scales in thirds and sixths should at once be commenced. The method usually employed of playing both hands together is, however, anything but necessary at first, even if at all, but of course the student errs on the right side by doing more than he need, not less; but for the first months of scale study in thirds and sixths it is only necessary that he plays each hand *separately*, and is much more to be recommended than playing two hands together, inasmuch as greater attention can be paid to the evenness and clearness of a very difficult part of technique, besides which it has rarely, if ever, happened that a parallel scale passage for both hands in thirds or sixths has occurred in any piece.

The playing of double notes connectedly is a most troublesome part of technique, requiring great patience, and necessitating much work. The following exercise should be studied daily, and played in all keys, till perfect facility is gained. Above all, it must be played without a break, evenly, smoothly, and clearly, and for some octaves at least.

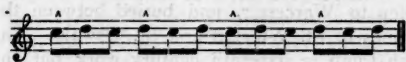


The following is a thorough drill for the study of sixths:—



In practising these exercises the student will especially need to guard against overworking the muscles of the hand and arm. The moment the faintest sign of tiredness comes on he must instantly stop, and discontinue his practising till it has completely passed away. And it is especially in these exercises and making shakes he will come to find the good of his previous drill in finger studies,—in fact, all his success depends on the manner in which he goes through these daily tasks.

The following exercise is the most beneficial one for acquiring flexibility and accuracy of stroke for making shakes; but it must be practised slowly at first, and particular attention given to the occurrence of the accent:—



The study of this exercise cannot be commenced too soon. It must be played in all keys and with all possible changes of fingering. But the student will do well to remember that till he has sufficient mechanical power to forget that he aims at a particular object, his success will not be brilliant. In other words, he must attain his object unconsciously. He will practise steadily day by day—the tenth day, the twentieth day, and even the thirtieth day, there will seem to be no improvement, but the thirty-first day it has all, in some miraculous way, come to his fingers. One thing only must the pupil always bear in mind—his aim; but at the same time the less he reasons about this aim the better. All reflection will more or less retard his progress. For instance, Indian jugglers perform feats such as tossing in the air twenty to fifteen balls at one time, which are simply impossible to more cultivated races. The thing is to exert the will. These jugglers do not reason over the chances and the laws controlling their success; they simply will to do the desired feat, and in nine cases out of ten they succeed, simply because of the strength of their will.

Of course we speak only of the purely mechanical portion of the art, for the student cannot have too highly cultivated a reasoning mind for success as an artist; but in the acquirement of technique he must always remember it is not his reason but his will he must exert.

One of the greatest necessities to a music student is the cultivation of his memory, and it is in this branch especially of the art that a certain form of intellectual power shows itself. Of course there are two kinds of memory—one mechanical, of which we do not speak, inasmuch as time is all that is wanted for it; and the other essentially intellectual: in fact, one may call it the faculty of concentration. This Von Bülow has to a phenomenal degree; no human being possesses a more magnificent memory. Time to read a score is all he needs; the notes lie for ever impressed in his memory; and this extra-

ordinary quality is not to be shaken under the most trying circumstances. During Raff's lifetime the eminent pianist was a frequent visitor at the Museums Gesellschaft concerts in Frankfurt-am-Main, and on one occasion it had been advertised that at a certain concert he would perform a new MS. concerto of Raff with orchestra.

The concerts are given each second Saturday, the rehearsal taking place in the morning, a private rehearsal taking place during the week. On the day before the concert, Bülow arrived in the morning, but Raff had not finished the concerto, of which a public performance was announced to be given the next day both at the morning rehearsal and at the evening concert. At six the same evening, Bülow got the pianoforte score from Raff, and spent some hours at the pianoforte over it. Nine o'clock the next morning saw the indefatigable doctor conversing and joking in the best of spirits amongst his friends in the gloomily lighted salle. Raff may have been anxious, Bülow was not. The performance of the concerto was an immense success, although many wondered—those of course unaware of the facts—why the doctor had notes before him. At the concert, however, to Raff's horror, Bülow quietly pushed away the desk from before him and played his prelude, not a line of music being visible on the Bechstein pianoforte. The composer, who was conducting, for a moment was paralysed, stopped, hesitated, looked at Bülow, who shrugged his shoulders and answered him by a look in which a swift-like humour was visible in the twinkle of his eyes; and at last Raff, in desperation, commenced. Bülow's playing of the concerto was that night another added to his many triumphs. From beginning to end it was note perfect.

Such a gift, of course, only belongs to such a man as a Bülow. Ordinary mortals can never hope to have it; but at the same time this faculty of memory is one capable of very high cultivation, and just as Bülow was successful in the mechanical portion of the concerto by reason of his previous study of finger Etuden, and all such, just so may we be certain it was not without work of the severest kind he was successful in the intellectual portion, especially as regarding memory. Without work, work of the hardest, most self-sacrificing kind, nothing in art can be accomplished. There is no royal road to learning, and no easy road for the artist; and the higher stands his ideal, the harder and more rough the way. However, this difficulty matters little to the real student, for enthusiasm carries him over the roughest of obstacles lightly.

With regard to the perfecting of the musical (intellectual) memory, the student should devote a separate portion of time daily to it. Taking a piece easily within his powers, let him study say from half a dozen to a dozen bars, *learning them by heart* before he progresses further. In time and with patience he will be able to do what most of the students attending Bülow's course of lessons are capable of, namely, preparing and playing even a difficult piece by heart in at most three to four days. To English students this may appear almost an absurdity, but it is nevertheless a fact. It is merely the result of study; and to prove it so, we can mention the name of an English student now making his career as an artist, Mr. Alfred Hollins, for many years a student at the Normal College for the Blind. Of course, in Mr. Hollins many might attribute this gift or acquirement to the wise Providence which is commonly supposed to help and aid those in any way afflicted, but this is rather an old-world idea than a reasonable one. Deprived of one sense, we naturally redouble our efforts in another direc-

tion, and Mr. Hollins was not the only one, but one amongst twenty, who are able from habit and acquirement, not from any exceptional ability, to perform what most regard as feats of memory, and what are in reality mere tuition and use of memory.

Another most important item is that of reading at sight and transposing. It is one of the greatest tests of the real musician from the sham.

Just as no day—we speak generally—should pass without the pupil exercising his memory and his fingers, so no day should pass without his exercising his powers of reading at sight. Some have this gift phenomenally, but with others it is merely a habit of acquirement.

Music not too difficult should be selected, and one to half-a-dozen—according to the ability of the pupil—pages studied daily. From beginning to end the student should make no stop. His glance should always aim at going before, not after, and not only should he be ever ready to play accompaniments at sight for others, but he should if possible procure some fellow-student to study together with him Beethoven's, Mozart's, Schumann's symphonies, etc., and arranged for four hands. In this way mutual agreement as to time, phrasing, accuracy, is made a *sine qua non* of success, and not only does the student get through his necessary daily study of reading at sight, but he also becomes acquainted at the same time with the scores of the great masters.

In conclusion, we would mention a saying of Hans von Bülow's: "No pianoforte student should neglect Bach, and every pianoforte student should devote at least five years to the study of Bach."

There is a vast advice here, an advice worthy of one who is essentially a philosopher in his art, and an advice which by every student should be taken as given, literally and faithfully. It is hardly necessary to add, no student can ever regret doing so.

THE pianoforte recital, *pur et simple*, is generally admitted to have had its day. Two young ladies, Miss Bateman and Miss Mowbray, have hit upon a new variation of the idea. On December 7 they gave a performance, the instrumental portion of which was entirely devoted to pianoforte duets, or works for two pianofortes. The programme was an interesting one, being made up of works by Mozart, Schumann, Gade, Dvorák, Brahms, etc.

IN his lecture on "Speech and Song" at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, Sir Morell Mackenzie made some remarks which it would be well for singers and public speakers to take to heart. Sir Morell dilated upon the injurious effects of the "supposed miraculous possets and draughts on which some orators pinned their faith." "The immediate good done by stimulants," he continued, "was dearly purchased by the thickening and roughening of the mucous surface which they caused. . . . A singer who wished to keep himself in good voice should rise, if not exactly with the lark, at least pretty early—say, before eight in the morning—should take plenty of exercise in the open air, and should harden his constitution by leading, as far as possible, a healthy, out-door life. Nothing gave richness and volume to the voice like vigorous health."

MISS MARIE TIETJENS, niece of the great soprano, has been engaged by Mr. Vert to accompany Madame Marie Roze on her provincial tour. Madame Roze's proposed trip to Australia has had to be abandoned, owing to the heavy terms demanded by the artists who were to have joined her.

The Cathedrals of England.

No. XI.—WORCESTER.



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

THE see of Worcester was founded by Ethelred about the year 678, when a chapter of secular clerks was established in a monastery and church dedicated to St. Peter. In 983, a new and larger church was built by Bishop Oswald, which, however, was burnt down in 1041 by the soldiers of Hardicanute. In 1084, a second cathedral was begun by Bishop Wulstan II., and finished in 1092. Of this Norman building unfortunately little beyond the crypt now remains, for in 1202 the church was again almost totally destroyed by fire. About this time, however, owing to numerous miracles which had been performed at Wulstan's tomb, the Bishop was canonized by the Pope, whereupon such rich offerings began to pour into the new shrine that the monks were immediately able to set about rebuilding their cathedral.

The new church was dedicated in 1218, Henry III. being present at the ceremony. Only three years later the "two lesser towers" fell in, and it is supposed that this accident must have injured some part of the structure; for in 1224, Bishop Blois laid the foundations of the present choir and Lady Chapel. During the following century, each part of the building was vaulted with stone, and in 1374 the existing tower was completed. The nave was also rebuilt in the course of the fourteenth century.

Since 1857, when the whole structure was found to be in a terrible state of dilapidation, the cathedral has been carefully restored at a cost of over £100,000. The masonry of the walls and tower has been recased, the windows of the choir restored to their original lancet shape, the choir itself fitted, re-seated, the nave fitted up for service, and the entire flooring paved in black and white. With the exception of St. Paul's, no cathedral in England has a pavement to equal that of Worcester.

The principal entrance is still by the north porch, although the west entrance has lately been opened, after having been blocked up for nearly five centuries. Unfortunately, the original north doors were removed in 1820, and have since been lost. On these doors were the remains of a human skin, said to have been that of a Dane, who stole the Sanctus Bell from the High Altar, and who was flayed alive for the sacrilege. The porch itself has shared in the general restoration, having been provided with metal gates and carved oak doors, while the canopied niches have been filled with figures.

The nave, which consists of nine bays, is a mixture of Decorated and Perpendicular architecture, and constitutes, perhaps, the least interesting part of the church. The windows are mostly filled with modern stained glass. Of the great west window, both masonry and glass are new, the latter, the subject of which is the Creation, painted by Hardman, having been the gift of the late Earl of Dudley. Among other monuments in the nave are a mural monument of Bishop Gauden, supposed author of the famous "Eikon Basilike," which for long was attributed to Charles I., and the high tomb of Thomas Lyttelton, who died in 1481, and who is principally remembered by his "Treatise on Land Tenures," or rather, perhaps, by the commentary on it by Coke. The nave pulpit, which was designed by Sir G. Scott, and the gift of the late Lord Dudley, is generally acknowledged to be one of the finest modern pulpits in England. It is ten feet in height, and the materials used in its construction are different coloured marbles and alabaster. The panels are finely sculptured with scriptural subjects.

In the middle of the central transept, which is raised slightly above the level of the nave, stands the splendid memorial to the late Lord Lyttelton, who died in 1874, which was erected by public subscription. This is an altar tomb of marble and alabaster, designed in the manner

of early fourteenth century Gothic, upon which rests the effigy of the deceased peer.

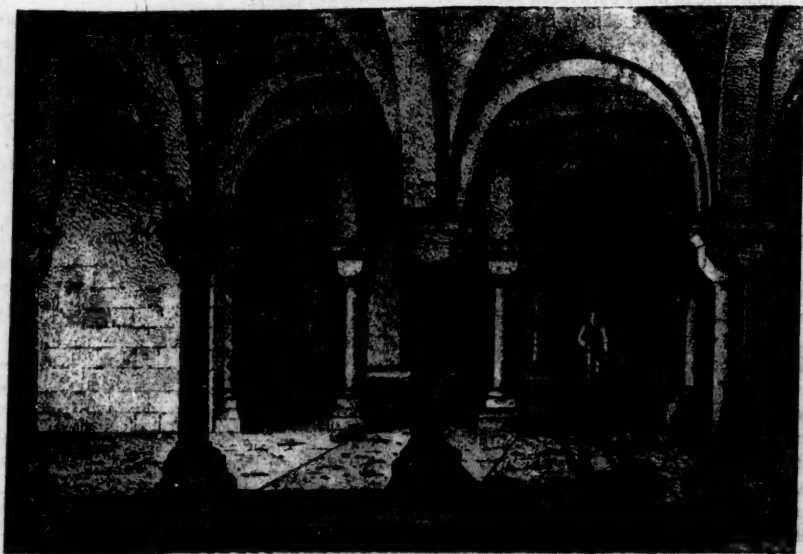
The hideous lath and plaster screen, which formerly separated the nave from the choir, has been replaced by a magnificent choir-screen, designed by Sir G. Scott. It is constructed of a somewhat unusual combination of marble, metal, and wood, and ornamented with gold and elaborate carvings. Sculptured figures face both east and west, and on the top stands a large and finely-worked metal cross. In the centre is a small pair of gilded iron gates, through which the choir is entered.

This is by far the most beautiful and interesting part of the church, having been built during the very best period of early English architecture. Like the nave, the choir has undergone very thorough restoration. The old fourteenth century stalls and miseres have been cleaned and repaired as far as possible by Messrs. Farmer. The carvings are extremely curious, and in many instances well preserved. The roof has been most elaborately decorated with painted medallions and sculptured figures, by Messrs. Hardman. The Bishop's Throne was presented by the present Bishop, Dr. Philpott. It is constructed of wood, richly carved, and surmounted by a lofty and graceful canopy. The Perpendicular stone pulpit formerly stood in the nave, but was removed to the choir about the middle of the last century.

In the centre of the sacarium stands the tomb of King John, who, before his death at Newark in 1216, commended his body and soul to God and St. Wulstan. His corpse was accordingly taken to Worcester, and buried between the shrines of St. Wulstan and St. Oswald. The high tomb is sixteenth century work, but the effigy is as early as the thirteenth century, and is believed to have formed the cover of the stone coffin. It is undoubtedly the most ancient effigy of an English monarch in this country.

The splendid reredos was presented by Dean Peel in memory of his wife. It is executed in alabaster, ornamented with lapis-lazuli, malachite, and other precious stones. At the back a beautiful cross has been inlaid, as a memorial to the Dean himself.

On the south side of the sanctuary stands the chantry of Prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII., who was born in 1486, and died at Ludlow Castle in 1502. Unfortunately, the chantry, which is a fine example of late Gothic, has been much mutilated, and not very satisfactorily restored. The sides are formed of screens of open and close panel-work, and the east wall, where stood the altar, is covered with



CRYPT, LOOKING EAST.

a mass of tabernacle work. In the centre is the high tomb of the Prince, upon the panels of which are the shield and armorial bearings of England and France.

The Lady Chapel is of the same style of architecture as the choir, and extends from the reredos to the east end. The wall has been rebuilt, and the window filled with modern stained glass. Round the east transepts, the Lady Chapel, and its aisles, runs a very remarkable wall-arcade, containing a series of curious sculptures illustrative of scriptural and legendary subjects.

One of the most interesting parts of the cathedral is the crypt, the only undoubted relic of Wulstan's work. It is, perhaps, the finest of the four apsidal crypts in England, and has been said, with justice, to form a complete church in itself. In the Chapter House, which is an unusually early example of its kind, are preserved some interesting relics, among which are some objects found in the recently discovered coffin of Bishop Cantilupe (1236-1266), the will of King John, and various ancient deeds and grants connected with the cathedral and monastery.

The exterior is plain, the tower, which is 196 feet in height, being the only striking feature. This was, as we have said, completed in 1374, but little remains of the original work beyond the general design. Not only has the masonry been entirely recased, but a new parapet and four new pinnacles have been added. The cloisters are Perpendicular in style, and, although in a very good state of preservation, contain no features of any very striking interest.

During the Commonwealth, the usual barbarisms were committed at Worcester, the organs being destroyed, the stained windows broken, the statues defaced, and the horses of the troopers stabled in the body of the church. In Townsend's *Journal of the Siege of Worcester* occurs the following touching entry, dated July 23, 1646:—"This day many gentlemen went to six o'clock prayers to the College, to take their last farewell of the Church of England service, the organs having been taken down on the 20th."

Two of the most famous Bishops of Worcester were the Saxons Oswald and Wulstan. Each built a cathedral in his lifetime, and each was canonized after his death. St. Oswald (961-992) was the successor of St. Dunstan, who had held the see for four years previously. During the building of Oswald's new cathedral of St. Mary, Eadmer tells us that great difficulties were experienced by the workmen. One large stone suddenly became immovable, and defied the exertions of eighty men to put it into its place. St. Oswald, after much prayer, saw a horrid "Ethiopian demon" sitting on the stone, which, however, he soon dislodged by means of the sign of the cross.

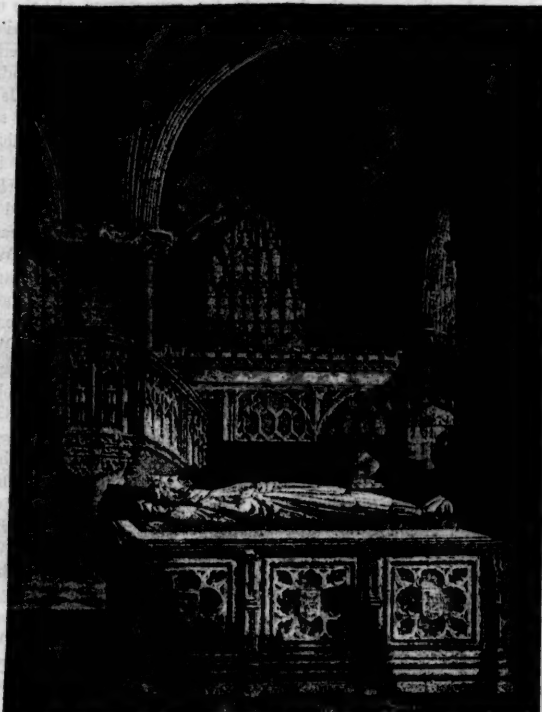
St. Wulstan II. (1062-1095), the founder of the existing cathedral, was a man of such remarkable holiness of life, that he was allowed to retain his see after the Conquest. The Norman Archbishop Lanfranc, who entertained a natural dislike to the Saxon bishops, endeavoured at one time to remove Wulstan, on the ground of his incompetence and want of learning. Wulstan, however, refused to give up his pastoral staff, except to the Confessor from whom he had received it. According to an old legend, he laid his staff on the Chancellor's tomb, which opened to receive it, and no one had the power to withdraw it but Wulstan himself. After the manifestation of this miracle

there was no further question of the bishop's removal.

The following anecdote gives further proof of the saint's holiness of living. He was, we are told, rather addicted to the pleasures of the table, and particularly enjoyed roast goose. Upon one occasion, while officiating at Mass before having broken his fast, a whiff of roast goose from the kitchen, which was in close proximity to the chancel, interfered with his devotions, and caused his thoughts to wander to his dinner. Conscience-stricken at his own profanity, he made a vow upon the spot that he would never again taste meat, and "he remained a vegetarian all the days of his life, except on festivals, when he regaled on fish. What was a fast to others was a luxury to him."

No wonder that after the holy man's death miracles were reported to have taken place at his tomb; indeed, during the year 1201 fifteen or sixteen persons were, it is asserted, healed there daily.

Among other famous Bishops of Worcester may be mentioned Walter Cantilupe (1237-



KING JOHN'S MONUMENT AND THE PULPIT.

1266), a vigorous defender of English ecclesiastical liberty against papal encroachments, and a firm adherent of Simon de Montfort, whose whole army he absolved on the morning of the battle of Lewes; the martyred Latimer (1535-1539), who is too prominent a figure in history to need more than a passing allusion here; the learned Stillingfleet (1689-1699), author of the celebrated *Origines Sacrae*; and Richard Hurd (1781-1808), of whom Madame D'Arblay gives the following lively description:—"Piety and goodness are so marked on his countenance, which is truly a fine one, that he has been named, and very justly, 'The Beauty of Holiness.' Indeed, in face, manner, demeanour, and conversation, he seems precisely what a bishop should be, and what would make a looker-on—were he not a bishop, and a see vacant—call out, 'Take Dr. Hurd! That is the man.'"

Of musicians of note who have been connected with Worcester Cathedral are Thomas Jenkins, a pupil of Byrde's, who was organist from 1604 to 1607; Thomas Pitt, appointed

organist in 1793, a composer of numerous anthems; Mr. J. A. Caldicott, the well-known composer of our own day, who received his early musical education as chorister of Worcester; and Mr. Lewis Thomas, who was a lay-clerk at the cathedral between 1850 and 1854, and has since become known in the concert-room as a bass singer of oratorio music.

Worcester is fortunate in being able to boast of two distinct choirs; one of nine men and eighteen boys for the ordinary cathedral services, and the other a voluntary choir of about sixty voices for the Sunday evening services in the nave. Not only has the cathedral two choirs, but it is also possessed of two fine organs. The great organ, which contains sixty-two stops, stands in the south transept. It was built by Hill at a cost of £8000, and was presented by the late Earl of Dudley. The choir-organ, which was built by Harris, and rebuilt by Hill, contains forty-seven stops, and is also a fine instrument, but its situation in the north choir-aisle is too much shut in for the full effect to be heard.

Among the improvements added of late years are a splendid peal of twelve bells, with three extra half-tone bells, a magnificent clock which can be heard at a distance of ten miles, and is second only in size to that of Westminster Abbey, and a carillon to play forty-two tunes on the fifteen bells. The peal and the clock were put up by public subscription at a cost of £6000, and the carillon was presented by the late J. W. Lea, Esq. The tunes are contained in six barrels, and change mechanically at the end of every twenty-four hours. They consist principally of old national melodies and well-known hymn-tunes.

The Song of Songs.

—: o :—

I'm a man thet's fond o' music,
An' w'en folks are not around,
I kin make our old accorjun
Squeak a mighty 'takin' sound;
An' thet banjer hangin' yander,
With its gentle plink, plank, plink,
'Pyears to git plumb at the bottom
Of the deapest thoughts I think.

Does me heaps o' good on Sundays,
'For the prayer at church is said,
Yes to stand an' hyear "Old Hundred"
Soarin' fur up overhead!
An' I most kin spy the angels
Leavin' 'crost the gate up thar,
When old Abram Blackburn's darter
Leads us in "Sweet your o' Pray'r."

But ef you sh'u'd want to see me
W'en I hev my broades' smile,
You must ketch me in the kitchen
W'en the kittle's on the bile!
Fer I claim thar ain't no warblin'
Ever riz on red-birds' wings
Thet kin hold a taller-candle
To the song the kettle sings.

Seems ez ef my soul gets meller
In the kittle's first sweet nofe,
Till I fancy weddin' music
Screakin' f'om the iron th'ot.
Sech times, ef I squent my eyes up,
I kin fakly 'pyear to see
Old man Abram Blackburn's darter
Smilin' thoo the steam at me!

EVA WILDER M'GLASSON.

The Century.

A Singing Lecture.

—o:—

SUBJECT—HARMONICÆ LOGICA.

Scene—A FEMALE COLLEGE THEATRE.

ENTRY by a score of undergraduates of various degrees, sharps, flats, and naturals, commanded by a subdominant.

All are in full voice and modulation, some allegro, others languido, pesante, doloroso, according to the tenor of their minds. They are attired in modern mode, with chromatic scale of colours, and major improvements on the natural figure.

Having attacked and scaled the forms, they resolve themselves into harmonious order, and put their notes in sequence.

Entry, in slow time, of the new Professeure, attended by the Principal and a triplet of subordinates as a cadence to the progression.

After introduction by the Principal—with arpeggio accompaniment of applause—the new lecturer proceeds to the recital of a prefatorial address on the leading theme.]

The pupils meanwhile make a diligent understudy of the new-comer, to discover her weak points, and to wait for an entry for their own inventions.

The Professeure is a musical bachelor of an enthusiastic temperament, highly musical, but imperfectly grounded in Bacon.

PROFESSEURE, *sola* (treble clef). Melodious friends and scholars, I hope we shall keep in harmonious concert during our connection, with due subordination in our various parts, and that in the intervals of rest between our runs you will diligently pursue your heavenly studies oblivious of all mundane matters.

Exit principal and triad, in inversion.

PROF. I trust we shall have no discord by suspension of any member, thereby spoiling the chord. [Chorus, *with* "Hear, hear."] Any back answers or subter-fuges on the part of my counter subjects will be met by transposition before the principal and canons in double quick time and relegation to a lower part under major key. ["Encore."]

LECTURER (*in altissimo*). Music is, though not exactly an exact science, of a consistent character, or—a—er—consistency—er—(running commentary—*sotto voce*, "Mud," "Paste," etc.), appealing to the understanding through the sense by its glorious impressions.

Its theory has become rather complex by the wonderful accretions of time and learning. I intend, therefore, in order to fathom your comprehension of the subject, to proceed by interrogation.

The definitions are the first difficulty. Can any one tell me what is the longest note used?—UNDERGR. *prima*. A breve.

PROF. Yes. Why is it so called?—UNDERGR. *2da*. From an Italian word meaning short.

PROF. Is it often used?—UNDERGR. *3a*. Never if it can be avoided. Except in church, where the preaching resembles the note, and the practice its name.

PROF. The next note is the semibreve. What is its peculiarity?—UNDERGR. *1a*. It is called the whole note, being half of the longest.

PROF. The next longest?—The minim, from Latin *minimus*, the least, so called because there are many shorter.

What are notes placed on?—An arrangement called a staff or stave resembling a number of sticks.

What is a grand stave?—Two staves with another stick between, making eleven.

Yes, that is a very novel and neat definition. What is a score?—The parts written on different staves, numbering four.

What is a short score?—Half a score, which is two parts. This is calculated on the inverse principle to the baker's dozen.

Sssh! I consider such language is hardly on a level with our sublime subject. However, see if you can define a rest?—It is a time when one has to count diligently and anxiously.

What is a curved line over or under notes?—A slur or tie.

Does it serve more than one purpose?—Yes, its uses have the charm of variety. For instance, when a note is repeated, even several times, and in following bass and tied, it must be held on, and not played more than once; but this rule does not apply if the same note is repeated more than once in any one bar,

unless, indeed, in the case of a dotted and single note. But this curved line is not a tie if there is any other note under the line, even if the same note be repeated any number of times. It is then a slur, and every note must be played in a slurred or slovenly manner. This is one of the puzzles of notation to the uninitiated.

Yes. Very good. What is a double bar?—The end of all things.

What is the meaning of a bow and dot over a note at the end of a piece?—Called a pause; signifies hold on the chord as long as you like, in spite of the double bar.

What is a Tonic?—The lowest note in the scale, probably because it requires a pick-me-up.

The mediant?—The middle or medium note, being third out of eight. The submediant is three notes above it. The dominant is not at the top, but about the middle.

What is the last note in the scale called?—The leading note, because it follows all the others. The French call it the sensible note, thereby showing their wisdom.

What is a superfluous prime?—Another word for a chromatic semitone, or an augmented unison, which may be described as increased similarity.

What is unison?—Identical sound, but generally reckoned among the intervals for convenience of classification.

What is pure musical sound?—A mixture of notes produced by a string when made to vibrate. The result is called the harmonic chord.

What are clefs?—Signs designed to prevent any note from repeating in the same position on different staves, or appearing to be itself in any other part. The word signifies "key," because it locks up knowledge in the most sacred manner, and keeps it from being profaned by outer barbarians.

What is the difference between the soprano and treble staves?—Both words signify the same voice, but represent totally different keys.

What is the distinction between the great and small octaves?—They both contain the same number of identical notes. The great is the lowest octave in the bass, and least useful; hence perhaps its greatness. The small is next to it, and there are several above.

What is the object and effect of double flats and sharps?—Their object is consistency, and the result is to make a sign which appears to indicate one note mean another altogether, both in sound and writing, and on the keys of an instrument. For instance, C double-sharped is really D natural, but it would be too troublesome to write it so.

What does a slur with a dot over a note mean?—That it is to be held on and sustained, but at the same time to be taken off directly. This is a very subtle form of expression, and needs ingenuity and skill.

What do the words at the beginning of a piece indicate?—The pace at which it is to be performed. Of these there are about a dozen, from very slow to very fast, with various diminutives and superlatives. This is independently of the time signatures and signs of expression, of which there are some hundreds, and which are added to by every new composer's inventiveness.

What is the result of this large number of signs?—Beautiful variety and complexity of expression, and the powers of the performer are taxed to interpret some of these refinements aright.

Give me some examples?—Sforzando, a word meaning "weakening," but in music indicating "play with force." Or "Allegro serioso," which signifies in the vulgar tongue "seriously gay." This is said by the French people to be an English characteristic. Another instance is "Allegro maestoso," or "majestically sprightly." This is probably French. The subtleness of the meaning of such marks cannot at present be fully understood by our countrymen, who have not attained enough musical consistency. Higher education will perhaps bring the necessary intellectual power.

Is the effect of these marks of expression good?—Yes, because there is great elasticity in them. Each great composer understands these signs in his own manner, and gives a new meaning to them to suit his idiosyncrasy, and lesser composers succeed in proving their originality by following suit.

Give me some instances?—The moderns have progressed considerably in the matter of time on the classical masters. The old order began with the slowest movement called "Largo," then "Larghetto," and next "Adagio." But the present slowest time is generally "Adagio," and then "Andante," etc.

Yes, this is certainly a great sign of development. Is there any arbitrary or inflexible rule on the attachment or meaning of marks of expression?—No, the highest art is neither stationary nor subject to laws.

Explain this theory?—Each of the great modern masters has developed the science of time to such a pitch of perfection, that they agree only in giving a different meaning to each sign. For instance, for the old "Andante," according to Maëzel's standard, Dr. Mackenzie would write "Presto." The old "Adagio" would be "Allegretto" in Cowen's works, and "Presto" in Sullivan's.

You mention Maëzel; who was he?—The inventor of a machine to reduce "time" to scientific accuracy.

Has this succeeded?—Admirably, but in an unexpected manner.

How?—Maëzel fixed an average number of beats of the pendulum, of which the following are a few instances:—Adagio, 118; Andante, 138; Presto, 200.

Have any modifications been introduced?—Yes, the modern time would be somewhat as follows, with various exceptions:—Adagio ranges from 40 to 70; average about 50. Largo, 50 to 80; average, 70. Andante, the same.

Is this latitude generally approved?—Yes, except by some crotchety performers, who put forward the ridiculous objection that this glorious freedom might produce obscurity of meaning.

How is that met?—They should study their master, and thus getting in touch with his spirit divine his meaning.

What is the benefit of this variety?—A wonderful adaptability to all the shades of the musical mind of humanity, with its multitudinous characteristics and peculiarities.

Would the adoption of various languages for the signs of expression be an improvement?—Yes, probably. It would increase individuality.

Of course you know that some composers have adopted a nomenclature of their own?—Yes. Schumann and Wagner, etc.

Is this laudable?—Yes. Music would become more national and full of local colour, instead of universally mediocre and hackneyed.

Would this lead to other improvements?—Probably, in time. Each nation would stamp its nature on the style, with even its own mode of notation, theories, and fingering.

What would follow?—Prevention of cribbing, security to copyright, protection to native industry, and other benefits of musical Home Rule. And in that golden age each composer would have the delightful task of interpreting his own works; for it is a law of art that only the author can comprehend the highest creations.

The PROF. Your answers prove your good teaching and conservative yet progressive principles. Your grasp of the mysterious secrets of the heavenly art of harmony does justice to the greatness of the subject, and vindicates its consistency and glorious life-like variety.

I am under an obligato for your accompaniments.

This Lecture is now closed.

AU REPLICA.

Recessional March.

Exeunt omnes—Elatò.

PONCHIELLI'S "Gioconda" has been produced with very good success at Hamburg, while Verdi's "Otello" has met with an unexpectedly cool reception at Frankfurt.

THE authorities at Marionbad are going to place a memorial tablet upon the house "Zum Kleeblatt," in which Wagner lived for a time.

It is possible that the "phenomenal" tenor Herr Mierzwinsky may accept a permanent engagement at the Grand Opera in Paris.

Studies in Worship Music.

BY J. SPENCER CURWEN.

MR. CURWEN'S very interesting and exhaustive work has now reached its second edition, eight years having elapsed since the publication of the first. The book, which has been enlarged and revised, is divided into three parts,—Historical, Practical, and Descriptive. The first is, to our mind, by far the most attractive of the three, since in it is contained an immense amount of curious and out-of-the-way information respecting the rise and development of congregational music, both in the Church and in the various dissenting bodies, from the time of the Reformation down to the beginning of the Oxford movement.

The custom of singing the Psalms in the service by the whole congregation was introduced from abroad in Elizabeth's reign, and, owing to this, the Protestants soon gained the nickname of "Psalm-singers." In 1562 the metrical version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, with forty tunes, was issued, and at once obtained a hold upon the people, which it did not lose for more than two centuries.

For upwards of a hundred years after the Reformation congregational singing was distinguished by a heartiness which, unfortunately, quite disappeared in more modern times. In 1644, for example, during the siege of York, Thomas Mace, in his *Musick's Monument*, describes the singing in the cathedral at a time when the enemy had planted their guns so near that

side of the city where the church was, that they "made their hellish disturbance constantly in prayer-time. There was then," he tells us, "a most excellent, large, plump, lusty, full-speaking organ;" and this organ, "when the Psalm was set before the sermon, being let out into all its fulness of stops, together with the choir, began the Psalm. But when that vast concord of unity of the whole congregational chorus came thundering in, even so as it made the very ground shake under us, O, the unutterable ravishing soul's delight!"

From the beginning of the eighteenth century down to the middle of the nineteenth century, nothing could have been worse than the state of parochial church music, judging from the extracts from contemporary literature upon the subject given by Mr. Curwen. As a rule, only five or six tunes were sung, and these were set by the parish clerk, who also read out the verses line by line for the benefit of those who could not read. The singing was painfully slow, and if there was an organ, the accompaniment was ornamented by shakes, grace notes, and interludes, which still further dragged out the performance. Of course, in most country churches the place of the organ was taken by what an old writer calls "scolding fiddles, squalling hautboys, false-stopped violoncellos, buzzing bassoons, all ill-tuned and worse played upon."

In the eighteenth century Tate and Brady published

their metrical paraphrase of the Psalms, and as this was a more polished composition than the rough-hewn Sternhold and Hopkins version, many clergymen introduced it into their churches. The masses, however, who were conservative then, whatever they may be now, strongly objected to the innovation, and clung to their old version. There is a quaint pathos in the answer given by an old man, who, when asked by his clergyman why he did not join in the singing of the Psalms, replied, "David speaks so plain that we cannot mistake his meaning; but as for Mr. Tate and Brady, they have taken away my Lord, and I cannot tell where they have laid Him."

Church singers have never, at any time, been distinguished by a low opinion of themselves and their performances. A clergyman, writing upon church music in the early part of this century, says that a member of his choir told him with pride that the only time in the service when no one was asleep was during the singing. He did not seem to see that this extraordinary wakefulness might have proceeded from other than complimentary causes. The same person added that "he had authority for saying the singers in the Jewish church had precedence of all other officials, and performed the most essential part of the service, as was clear from the Psalms:—'The

given of the success of the Wesleys in obtaining hearty congregational singing at a time when the church singing was at its lowest ebb. John Wesley, although not a theoretical musician—indeed, he strongly disapproved of elaborate harmony—showed his usual sound good sense in choosing for the hymn-book which he compiled such tunes as should be suitable for the people. It was admitted by the Methodists themselves that nine out of ten converts were won by the singing rather than the preaching. The following piece of advice is eminently characteristic of Wesley, and might be applied with advantage to many congregations in our own day: "He tells the preachers to stop the congregation while a hymn is being sung, and ask them, 'Now, do you know what you said last? Did it suit your case? Did you sing it as to God, with the spirit and understanding also?'"

In the Scotch Presbyterian singing of former days the utmost point of slowness appears to have been reached, inasmuch that the singers were often obliged to take breath twice on one syllable. An English minister hearing a Scotch congregation draw out the Hundredth Psalm, which calls upon the people to "sing to the Lord with cheerful voice," exclaimed, "If *this* is your joy, *what* is your lamentation?" The practice of "lining out," i.e. reading each line

of a verse before it is sung, was continued until comparatively recent times in the Presbyterian Church, the people being strongly opposed to its abolition. One old woman, in Dr. Chalmers' parish, maintained that the change was anti-scriptural. Dr. Chalmers, on asking her what was the Scripture of which she regarded the change as a contravention, at once was answered by her citing the text, "Line upon line."

In the practical portion of the book, which contains chapters upon organs, harmoniums, chanting, the training of boys, congregations, etc., much useful information



VILLAGE CHOIR SINGING.

singers go before, and the minstrels (which he took to mean ministers) followed after."

It is curious to observe how, for the last two hundred years, the question has ever been hotly discussed whether it be more reverent and fitting for the congregation to join *en masse* in the singing, or whether they should remain silent, and leave the songs of praise and thanksgiving to be more worthily rendered by the trained choir. Those who advocate the latter course argue that as the best of everything should be given to God, so only the finest harmony and the sweetest voices should be heard in His service, while those who are not fitted by nature or education for such a task should remain reverently silent, joining in the worship only with their minds. On the other side, it is urged that it is impossible, particularly for uneducated people, to join as heartily in the praise and thanksgiving with the mind only, while if the whole mass of the congregation lift up their voices together "with one accord," the discordant elements will be covered, and the words of St. Ambrose will be realized: "From the singing of men, women, and children there results an harmonious noise like the waves of the sea."

The remaining chapters in the historical part deal with Methodist, Independent, Baptist, New England, and Scotch Presbyterian Psalmody. In the chapter upon Methodist Psalmody, an interesting account is

given of the success of the Wesleys in obtaining hearty congregational singing at a time when the church singing was at its lowest ebb. John Wesley, although not a theoretical musician—indeed, he strongly disapproved of elaborate harmony—showed his usual sound good sense in choosing for the hymn-book which he compiled such tunes as should be suitable for the people. It was admitted by the Methodists themselves that nine out of ten converts were won by the singing rather than the preaching. The following piece of advice is eminently characteristic of Wesley, and might be applied with advantage to many congregations in our own day: "He tells the preachers to stop the congregation while a hymn is being sung, and ask them, 'Now, do you know what you said last? Did it suit your case? Did you sing it as to God, with the spirit and understanding also?'"

The author is evidently a believer in the possibility of training a congregation to sing respectfully. The plan which has the most advocates is that the choir should be a large body, one portion of which should sit together in church, the larger portion, however, being dispersed among the congregation, in order to help and support the timid and wavering. Of course this might answer fairly well in a town, but in a village church, where the choir is apt to be small and not always dependable, it would be obviously impracticable.

Of the third and descriptive part of the book, space forbids us to do more than mention that it contains short, succinct accounts of the musical systems in

vogue at the Temple Church, St. Anne's, Soho, the London Oratory, the Jewish Synagogue, and other sectarian places of worship in the metropolis.

As may have been gathered from the few extracts we have given, Mr. Curwen's book is not only instructive, but also eminently readable and amusing. In view of the success with which he has treated the subject of parochial music, we hope he may, on some future occasion, deal in a like manner—i.e. historically, practically, and descriptively—with the musical services of our English cathedrals, a positive mine of interesting material, which, oddly enough, has hitherto been but very little worked.

Music in St. Petersburg.

WE count our time here from Friday to Friday, that is, of course, some two or three hundred of the musical world fortunate enough to have occasion to do so, and fortunate enough to see Rubinstein on the same evenings of these days on the platform of the Conservatorium Concert Hall, before a Becker grand.

At the third Lecture Recital Rubinstein played some pieces from the early German school by Froberger, Kuhnau, Muffat, Matheson, and Mendelssohn, and finally the first five fugues from the "Wohltemperiertes Clavier." Over Bach Rubinstein waxed enthusiastic—in fact, he remarked he could play Bach or ever; and at this and the next three evenings (all devoted to Bach alone), we listened to some of the most wonderful playing possible.

The fourth and fifth evenings we had the Bach fugues, and from amongst all we find it hard to name one which was more wonderfully played than another. Human genius and human intellect could go no further, even the genius and intellect of a Rubinstein. We were lost in our admiration, overwhelmed by our wonder as we listened, whilst Rubinstein himself was lost in delight over the music. In short, these were evenings on which the most trifling details connected therewith are stamped too vividly on our memories ever to be forgotten, evenings which are bright for ever in our past.

The third Bach evening we had most of the English suites, some of the French suites, a Toccata, and the incomparable Chromatica Fantasia and Fugue.

Rubinstein spoke at great length over Bach and over the editions of Bach, which he described as everything but Bach. He also gave a spirited sketch of John Sebastian's life and character, and the style of duties he had in the Thomas Schule.

On the following evening we had the suites of Handel, and afterwards Phil Emanuel Bach, till finally on last Thursday evening, December the 6th (not Friday, that being Napravnik's benefit at the opera), we had Mozart.

But a detailed account of these Recitals we shall send later.

At the Symphony concerts we have been having exceptionally good programmes, and many novelties. Wagner has been represented by his splendid "Faust" overture, and Rubinstein by his "Don Quixote" overture.

There is nothing finer in the whole collection of the works of these two composers than these two overtures, and under M. Auer's direction the orchestra gave a magnificent rendering of both, that of Rubinstein's being so good that the composer himself—and those who know Rubinstein know how seldom he is satisfied—congratulated M. Auer warmly, and said no better performance was possible.

At this concert, 10th November, Halir, a pupil of Joachim, now well known in Germany, played a concerto of Lassen, over which Bilow has uttered one of his prettiest and wittiest sayings. It is a concerto interminably long, and after two movements of sombre heavy music, we have a finale almost trifling in its frivolity. This concerto Bilow with admirable clever-

ness has named—"The way from Baireuth to the Palais Royal at Paris."

And no better description of this concerto could be given had it been in half-a-dozen volumes instead of half-a-dozen words, although much is lost when one has not heard it delivered in Bilow's exquisitely comical and dryly caustic manner. The Symphony concert a fortnight later, 24th November, was remarkable for the first production of Tschaiowsky's "Hamlet" overture, and the second performance of his new symphony, the fifth, Op. 64, in E minor.

On the previous Saturday a concert had been given of Tschaiowsky's works for a charitable purpose, being directed by the composer himself.

The old proverb, "A prophet hath no honour in his own country," was on this night brilliantly falsified. We have never witnessed a more splendid ovation than that given to Tschaiowsky. It was hearty; it was enthusiastic; it was royal. Two or three laurel wreaths were presented to him, with some golden lyres wreathed in bay, and an address on the part of the Russian Philharmonic Society, who made him honorary member of their Society.

This same evening the first performance of his fifth symphony was given. It is a symphony which will add much to his fame, and speedily become a favourite in European concert halls. We heard it, in all, four times, twice at the rehearsals, and twice in the Symphony concerts, and at each hearing liked it better. It is melodious, broadly and grandly written, with original and beautiful themes, and the orchestration is, even for Peter Tschaiowsky, magnificent.

We cannot say as much for the "Hamlet" overture. This we heard twice, and with our undivided and most earnest attention. As music, of course, it is beautiful, but we sought and sought in vain for any traces of the idea of "Hamlet," yet we heard it under the composer's direction.

At the Tschaiowsky Concert, Sapelnikoff, a pupil of Menter and quite a lad, played the E minor concerto of the Russian composer.

Sophie Menter, looking quite as beautiful as some fifteen years ago when she bewitched Liszt, and turned poor Tausig's head, was at this concert to hear her pupil. She has not yet recovered from her illness, caught in London last May, and has been forced to give up all her concert engagements, and remain quiet for a year by the advice of her doctors. She came specially from her beautiful castle in the Tyrol to hear her pupil.

Sapelnikoff has immense technique, and we have no doubt will speedily make for himself a name. Rubinstein discovered him some years ago at Odessa, and brought him to the St. Petersburg Conservatorium, placing him in the class of the late Professor Brassin, at whose death he went into the class of Sophie Menter.

The last Symphony concert was remarkable for three things, a magnificent performance of Beethoven's eighth symphony, a concerto of Spohr played by Auer, and the first appearance of Nikita in St. Petersburg.

Of M. Auer's performance it is needless to speak: it was musically; it was scholarly; it was perfect; and as a piece of virtuosic display unsurpassed.

Of Nikita we would say much. Readers of the *Magazine of Music* are familiar with the name of this young artist, now known in almost every town in Europe.

Her voice is truly wonderful, and one of the most pleasing and sympathetic we have ever heard.

Her success with the greatest half of the public was immense and most enthusiastic, but the little lady has yet to learn that *art* and not *success* must be the aim of a true artist, and is the duty of one with a talent such as hers. To trail this in the dust as she did, by her selection for an *encore* of Eckert's atrocious "Echo Song," is nothing short of a sacrilege.

This wretched thing should never be heard from the lips of a Nikita; it is fit only for the platform of a music hall or a *café chantant*.

Her singing of the aria "Voi che Sapete," from the "Figaro" of Mozart, and "O Luce di Quest' Anima," from "Linda di Chamouni," was perfection; a trifling addition to the text of the Mozart aria not being quite excusable, but her voice for purity, sonority, bell-like sweetness, and flute-like clearness

and brilliance, was not to be surpassed. The vast audience heard her breathlessly, and overwhelmed her with applause at the finish.

Later she gives a concert here, and then goes back to Germany. We wish her all possible success and all possible wisdom, and the true artistic earnestness that looks beyond success and above the applause of the public to the magic goal of art, reached only by a few, uncared for by mediocrity, and undiscoverable except by those who scorn all things outside the inner circle of "the beautiful."

Amongst miscellaneous concerts was that given by Davidoff, the 'cellist. Words fail us over this concert. Davidoff is Davidoff, and his big Cremona violoncello is bewitched in its master's hands.

He is the greatest of 'cellists, and without a rival in his tone. He was assisted by a charming pianist, rejoicing in the name of Duncan, quite a young lady, and born of a Scotch family who settled some years ago in Russia. She has been a pupil of the St. Petersburg Conservatorium, an institution now having a long roll of honoured names, that of Tschaiowsky being at the head.

We have also much pleasure in recording the success of another semi-English pianist, a student of the Conservatorium and a pupil of Rubinstein, young Holliday, quite a boy, but of enormous talent. He is the best pupil of the Conservatorium, and in another few years we are confident will turn out a second d'Albert.

Bernard Stavenhagen has also played here with much success, and is now making a *tournee* in Russia generally. If anything, he has improved since we last heard him, and is certainly one of the best, if not the best, of Liszt's many pupils.

At the Opera the pieces have been changed daily, Tschaiowsky's "Iphigenia" drawing crowded houses. On Friday the 25th Napravnik celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary of his direction, his opera "Niggorodsky" being produced the same evening. It was a gala night, and from every orchestral society he received most flattering addresses and innumerable laurel wreaths.

Before the New Year Rubinstein's "Merchant of Kalashnikoff" is to be produced, and, as it is hoped, under the composer's own direction.

ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

Foreign Notes.

M. BOITO has, it is announced, at last completed his opera "Nero," on which he has been at work for some time past. The work is in six tableaux, and will most likely be produced next year. M. Boito intends to publish the libretto in separate form.

THE Opera House at Nice was opened at the end of last month with French Opera, the patriotic party in France having succeeded in getting Italian Opera driven out, for this season at least. The first performance was Halévy's "La Juive." The auditorium and corridors were lighted by electricity; but on the stage gas was still retained.

It is stated that Alessandro Ademello, the well-known musical antiquarian, has recently discovered the manuscript of a composition of Gluck, the very existence of which has, till the present, been unknown. It is believed to have been written on the occasion of a marriage in a distinguished Italian family.

THE *répertoire* of the German Opera in New York was, up to December 21, to consist of the "Huguenots," "Lohengrin," "William Tell," "L'Africaine," "Faust," and "Rheingold." The newcomers among the singers are Herr Perotti (tenor), Herr Beck (baritone), and Frau Moran-Olden (soprano). The latter is said to possess the most powerful voice in Germany, which is saying a good deal.

At a recent performance of "Si j'étais Roi" at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, a portion of a chandelier fell upon the head of a young engineer, named Obrech, who was seated in the stalls, smashing in his skull. He was taken to a hospital, but only survived a few hours.

THE title of the new opera on which Rubinstein is engaged is "Gorinscka," and the libretto is drawn from a work by the Russian poet, Awerkiev. The work will probably be produced this season at the St. Petersburg Opera House.

ACCORDING to *Le Ménestrel*, Rubinstein is also at work upon an oratorio, the subject of which is the miraculous preservation of the lives of the Czar and his family in the recent railway accident. Alexander III. is said to have graciously accepted the dedication of this new composition.

THE rumours that Mr. Andrew Carnegie intends to build a Conservatoire of Music at New York, place the figure of his intended gift at two million dollars. On being asked, however, whether there is any truth in what is being said about him, the Pittsburg millionaire replied that his plans had not taken definite shape yet.

A GOOD specimen of a cosmopolitan programme was that arranged by Mr. Frank van der Stucken for the first concert of the Arion Male Chorus-Singing Society, given at their beautiful new hall in Fifty-ninth Street, New York. The following pieces were performed:—

Neapolitan Scenes, for orchestra (Massenet).
Hebrew melodies, for male chorus and orchestra (Max Bruch).
Spanish Symphony for solo violin and orchestra (E. Lalo).
Male part-songs, *à capella* (new).
"Nun laube, Lindlein, laube," Kuhlend (Hugo Jungst).
"Liebeslied," Hungarian (Wilhelm Sturm).
"Volkslied," Upper Austria (Eduard Kremser).
Serbisches Liederspiel, for solo, quartet, and piano (G. Henschel).
Altniederländischer Gesänge, for baritone solo, male chorus, and orchestra (E. Kremser).

A MUSICAL festival was to be held at Wellington, New Zealand, during the last week in November, or the first in December. The programme was an ambitious one for so young a country, including, as it did, the "Elijah," "Israel in Egypt," "The Golden Legend," Beethoven's Symphony in C, and Cowen's orchestral suite, "The Language of Flowers." The chorus was to consist of 160 members, and the orchestra of 50.

HERR ZELL, the director of the Theatre an der Wien, Vienna, has arranged with Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert for a performance of "The Yeomen of the Guard." The German version will be done by Herr Zell and Herr Genée, who translated the book of the "Mikado" for the same theatre.

RAYMOND HÄRTEL, who died the other day at the age of seventy-eight, was chief of the famous Leipzig music publishing firm of Breitkopf and Härtel. The business was founded as far back as 1719 by Christoph Breitkopf. The grandson of the founder handed over the business to Gottfried Härtel, who was born in 1763, and who was the father of Raymond. It is due to the Härtels that the business became what it now is, not only the oldest, but the leading music publishing house in the world.

DEATH has recently removed another distinguished music publisher in the person of M. de Choudens, who was a grandson of Pacini. While yet unknown, he was persuaded by M. Carvalho to buy the score of Gounod's "Faust," a transaction which laid the foundation of his fortune. He has since produced many works of high merit, amongst them being other compositions of Gounod, as well as some by Berlioz and Reyer, also Bizet's "Carmen."

THE "Mikado" has been given in German by a German company at the Friedrich Wilhelm Theatre, Berlin. The house was crowded, and the success was unmistakable, although the performance was not equal to that of the English company which first brought the work to Berlin.

THE Emperor William has extended his patronage to a concert of a happily unique character. This was nothing less than a concert of trumpets! The idea originated with two trumpeters of the Hussar regiment of which the young Emperor is honorary commander, and they appealed to their colleagues in various regimental bands, with the result that 300 trumpet players promised their assistance. The programme was to include a fanfare in the Emperor's honour, Bach's chorale "Ein feste Burg," a chorus from Gluck's "Iphigénie," and a "Kaiserhymne" composed by Herr Kosleck.

OF course the great event of the past month in Paris has been Madame Patti's appearance in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." A more brilliant performance has not been seen in the French capital for years. Not only was M. Jean de Reszke as ideal a Romeo as Madame Patti is an ideal Juliet, but the work was splendidly mounted, and the costumes exquisite. The new ballet did not find much favour with the critics, its arrangement being especially found fault with, but this appears to have been the only weak point in the performance. The rush for seats was unprecedented, and the most extravagant prices were paid for them.

MADAME PATTI confessed to having found a good deal of difficulty in unlearning her part in Italian, and learning it again in French. The accent is, of course, essentially diverse in the two languages, and she had, moreover, to sacrifice the graces of the Italian style to the severer exigencies of French declamation. To use her own phrase, she had to keep on saying, "Pas d'appoggiatura, pas d'appoggiatura!"

THE Paris *Figaro* tells the story that, on one occasion when M. Gounod was at Madame Patti's hotel, he tried her Steinway "grand," and was so delighted with its tone, that he declared if he had such an instrument his youthful freshness of inspiration would be restored to him. Madame Patti cabled his remark to New York, and at once received a reply from Mr. Steinway, begging that M. Gounod would accept the piano as a present. The gift was a handsome one, for the piano is worth £350, but then the compliment was a handsome one too.

HERR GÜDEHUS, the Wagner tenor of the Dresden Theatre, has been engaged for the Berlin Opera when his time at Dresden is up, which will be in 1890. Herr Güdehus will take Niemann's place in Berlin, that artist having been already nearly forty years on the stage. Up till 1890, the Dresden tenor will sing as "Gast" during four months in the year at Berlin, receiving an honorarium of 850 marks for each appearance.

AT the fifth Gewandhaus Concert, Leipzig, the principal novelty was Grieg's orchestral suite from the music to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," which consists of four portions, entitled respectively, "Morgenstimmung," "Ase's Tod," "Anitra's Tanz," and "In der Halle des Bergkönigs."

THE famous Dresden Liedertafel will celebrate on January 3 the fiftieth year of their foundation. At the end of May or beginning of June, the Society will hold a grand three-days' festival. The Liedertafel was formerly conducted by Richard Wagner, and is now under the leadership of the popular song-composer, Reinhold Becker.

THE Cologne "Männer-Gesangverein" purposes undertaking a three weeks' tour in Italy next April. The party will travel to Milan *via* the St. Gothard Pass, and from thence to Turin, Genoa, and Rome. The return journey will be through Florence and Bologna, and so over the Brenner to Munich. Already eighty members have announced their readiness to join the expedition.

ON December 2 a grand concert took place in Vienna in honour of the forty years' jubilee of the Emperor's reign. Among the works performed were Wagner's "Huldigungsmarsch," Haydn's Variations upon "Gott erhalte Franz, den Kaiser," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

IN the archives of the Neapolitan Conservatoire has been discovered a clavichord concerto by the ancient composer Francesco Durante (1684-1755), the founder of the so-called Neapolitan school. This composition is the only clavichord concerto of Durante's in existence, and consequently is a very valuable addition to ancient Italian musical literature. The new discovery has been sent to the firm of Peters, Leipzig, for publication.

THE Wagnerian controversy rages even more hotly upon the Continent than in England. Two musical critics in Brussels have even fought a duel upon the subject, in which one of them was wounded in the arm.

MADAME EMMA NEVADA has been creating a positive *furor* at Madrid in Delibes's opera "Lakmé." The performances in general have been excellent, under the leadership of that most energetic of conductors, Luigi Mancinelli.

FROM Carlsruhe comes the news that Frau Wagner and her advisers, Kapellmeister Mottl and Herr Gross, have decided that there shall be no Festival performances at Bairuth during the year 1889.

AT the sixth Gewandhaus Concert, Leipzig, the novelty was the "Tranermusik" from "Zenobia," by Carl Reinecke. The vocalist was the rising young baritone, Herr Scheidemantel, who so distinguished himself last summer at Bairuth. Besides several short pieces by Schubert, Schumann, and Gensen, Herr Scheidemantel sang Agamemnon's aria from Gluck's "Iphigénie," with modern instrumentation.

A PERFORMANCE of Verdi's "Otello" was recently given at the Concordia Theatre, Constantinople, with six violins, one double-bass, one cello, seven wind-instruments, twelve chorus-singers of both sexes, and—very great success! Whether the performance was authorized by the composer and publisher seems more than doubtful.

THE distinguished Russian composer, Caesar Cui, is at work upon a new opera with a French libretto, the subject of which is taken from Richépin's "Le Filibustier." The work is expected to be ready some time next year.

FLÖTOW's posthumous opera, "Die Musikanten," has lately been produced at Magdeburg, but has only met with *un succès d'estime*.

THE prize of 1000 marks offered by the directors of the new Berlin Concert House for a symphony, has been won by a young man named George Schumann, who was born in 1866. He has been educated at Dresden and Leipzig, and at the latter place an oratorio composed by him has already been performed. The prize symphony has not found much favour with the critics. They allow that it is correct, even to monotony, but declare that it shows no trace of individuality. The composer has nothing to say that has not been already better said by Mendelssohn and Robert Schumann.

ON November 17, 1889, exactly fifty years will have passed since the production of Verdi's first opera, "Oberto di san Bonifacio." Accordingly, a Verdi's Jubilee is to be celebrated. In Rome a Verdi-Cyclist will be given, consisting of all the master's most important operas, beginning with "Oberto," and including "Nabucco," "Lombardi," "Ernani," "Trovatore," "Macbeth," "Simon Boccanegra," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Don Carlos," "Aida," and "Otello."

Musicians in Council.

—:O:—

WE had long been of opinion that the times were out of joint, at least as far as our national music was concerned, and that, as no one else seemed inclined to undertake the task, it behoved us to attempt, at any rate, to set them right. After this I need hardly say that we were all young, and consequently in that most delightful period of an artistic career, when nothing seems impossible except failure. Like most of our fellows, we had a better knowledge of foreign than of English music, and certainly a predilection for the former. This, however, we felt was not as it should be. It was unpatriotic to allow our native music to languish under our neglect.

It was at a certain concert, in which we had all taken part, and had, with one accord, sung and played nothing but foreign pieces, that we came to this conclusion. We all had supper together after the concert, and the plan was then arranged that we should, in future, meet one afternoon in every month at each other's houses, in order to make acquaintance with, and to discuss the merits of various productions, vocal and instrumental, of native talent.

Perhaps it is now time to say who "we" are. In the first place, we are six in number, and constitute, as will be seen, a very fairly representative crew. John Morton, Mus.Doc., we look upon as the head of our little society, partly because he is older, and partly because he has climbed higher up the ladder than the rest of us. He received his early musical training at a Cathedral school, afterwards took his degree as Doctor of Music, and obtained an organistship in a London Church. He is a good pianist as well as organist, has numerous pupils, and has done a little in the way of composition. A year or two ago he married that promising young violinist, Miss Kate Seaton, who had just returned home from the Leipzig Conservatoire. Mrs. Morton, who is, of course, another of our members, still plays very charmingly, but generally en amateur, as her husband objects to her appearing in public.

Miss Ethel Seaton, our soprano, and Mrs. Morton's sister, is still a student at the R.A.M. She possesses a light flexible voice, and has already acquired a good deal of execution. She has a predilection for florid Italian and French music. Her bosom friend and fellow-student, Miss Madge Collins, is our contralto. She has a sympathetic voice, hardly as yet entirely under her control, and, like most of her class, has a weakness for ballads of a maudlin and wishy-washy description.

Ralph Trevor, our *primo tenore assoluto*, is the nearest approach to an amateur among us. That is to say, he had a regular professional training at Milan, but having, since his return, come into a small property which renders him independent, he does not stand in the way of his needy brethren, and very seldom lets his voice be heard in public, except at charity concerts, or entertainments in the East-end of London. His greatest friend, who shares his chambers with him, is Leonard Boyne, a young Irish baritone, and our sixth and last member. He has studied at the Vienna Conservatoire, and is generally believed to have a career before him. He is an admirable exponent of Schubert and Schumann, and is apt to argue about the music of the future with Mrs. Morton, who "schwärms" for Wagner.

Such is the list of our little society. Our names may be unknown as yet, still there is not one among us who has not already appeared at numerous public concerts, though it must be admitted that these usually take place in suburban or provincial neighbourhoods. We have, on one or two occasions, under the name of "The Morton Concert Party," gone down to Dr. Morton's native Cathedral city, where our efforts have been highly appreciated by the inhabitants.

At the supper party to which I have already alluded, when our plan was first formed, a few preliminaries were also agreed upon. The meetings were to take place once a month, from four to six, the opening meeting to be held at Dr. Morton's house on December 10. The entertainment provided was to be strictly limited to afternoon tea; but, at the suggestion of some of the younger members, it was agreed that muffins might form a feature of the feast. We were each to bring with us one or more songs and pieces, which, when worthy of the honour, were to be performed by the discoverer, and then discussed by the rest of the party. The pieces were not, as a rule, to be picked compositions, but were to represent as far as possible the average productions of the present day. From time to time, by way of variety, we would discuss musical questions of interest and importance, instead of songs and pieces.

On the day appointed we all arrived punctually at Dr. Morton's house, each laden with a little roll of new music. There was, at first, some little difficulty as to who should begin, but this was got over by drawing lots, when fate decided that Miss Seaton should open the ball. Accordingly, without more ado, although evidently rather nervous, she began:—

"I have here an album of eight songs, with German and English words, composed by Arthur Hervey (Pitt & Hatzfeld, London), which have taken my fancy very much. As far as form goes, these songs have been modelled upon the best German *Lieder*, but the melodies are thoroughly original, and very pretty. If Dr. Morton will play the accompaniment, I will sing you 'Du bist die Sonne,' or rather, for I suppose I must sing in English, 'Thou art the Sun.' It is one of the prettiest, and, I think, suits my voice the best." (She sings.)

Dr. Morton. Bravo! A very charming song, charmingly sung. (Turning over the leaves.) The accompaniments, I see, are distinctly above the average throughout. Not alarmingly ambitious, but thoughtful and interesting.

Miss S. Yes, and the translations by Charles Hervey are not at all bad. The one of "Du bist wie eine Blume" is wonderfully literal, though, of course, not so poetical as the original.

Trevor. It was rather presumptuous, though, to set that poem at all, considering how identified it is in one's mind with Schumann's music.

Dr. M. And yet it is hard that dead and gone composers should monopolize all the best poems. English musicians are worse off than Germans in that respect, because, with the exception of Shakespeare's and Tennyson's songs, most of which have been set many times, we have so few short poems suitable for musical treatment.

Mrs. Morton. While German literature simply swarms with them. It is a very odd thing, but the smokiest and beeriest of Teutons always seem able to toss off a string of the most fanciful and poetic of verses with as much ease as an Englishman can add up a ledger.

Miss S. Now, Kate, you are getting sarcastic. Let us change the subject. John, as you are a man and an instrumentalist, it would give a little variety to the proceedings if you would favour the company next.

Dr. M. I am quite willing, only you must be prepared to be bored. Christmas comes but once a year, so I suppose I must forgive my publishers for sending me a whole bundle of dance music. I will not inflict any of it upon you, but I have glanced through it, and will give a few particulars for your benefit, Ethel. The *Coryphée* and *Patricia* waltzes, both by Richard Duggan (Joseph Williams, London), are not up to the composer's usual mark. Both are easy to play, but not so tuneful as could be wished. "May," waltz by Clifford Harry (London Publishing Co.), is evidently intended as a piece, and is not suitable for the ball-room. "The Morven" waltz, by Walter Watteville (Methven, Simpson, & Co., Edinburgh), is too monotonous; but "Beatrice," by John Mene Smieton (same publishers), is rather pretty, particularly the first movement, where the melody is in the bass.

Miss S. It is very kind of you to give me all this information, but I am sorry to say it is entirely wasted on me, as I never dream of playing a waltz written

by an Englishman, and never dance to one if I can help it.

Dr. M. Well, considering that we have met together on purpose to become better acquainted with our native composers, I wonder you dare confess to such unpatriotic conduct. However, perhaps organ music will suit you better. I have here Mr. Tench White's "Organ and Harmonium Library" (Tench White, Canterbury), which contains twelve short pieces, and only costs one shilling. The pieces are rather dry and conventional in form, but that is a common fault in organ-music of this character. "Rose, softly Blooming," and "The Shepherd Boy," are easy arrangements of those airs for the organ by J. Trousselle (Macklin & Co., London). These would be very suitable to give to learners, by way of encouragement, in between severer studies. Now I think I have done my duty. Miss Collins, it is your turn.

Miss C. I am afraid I have nothing which would interest you the least. As there will not be time for many more, perhaps Mr. Trevor will not mind going on.

Trevor. Certainly, if you wish it, but I don't suppose my songs will be more wildly exciting than yours. Where all the good songs go to puzzles me. There must be some written occasionally.

Boyne. At any rate, tenors are better off than baritones. We get nothing but military and naval songs, all distinguished by the same painful anxiety to be jovial. Go on, Trevor.

Trevor. I think you all know that I have a weakness for serenades. I have a theory that composers are always at their best in that form of composition. Take Schubert's two serenades, for example; did he write anything more perfect than "Leise Flehen"? Then the serenades in "Don Giovanni," "Il Barbiere," "Stradella," and Berlioz' "Faust," are they not, to say the least of it, among the best numbers in each piece? However, I am afraid you will expect something wonderful after this preamble. I only meant to explain why I picked out the one solitary serenade in my last parcel of new music. It is called "Whispering Wind," by Thomas Nelson (Marriott & Williams, London). It is nothing very remarkable, but it has rather a graceful little melody. This is how it goes. (He sings.)

Miss C. I think it is pretty. I know you all laugh at my taste, as a rule, but I don't mind confessing that I am always humbly grateful when a song has any attempt at a tune. This serenade not only has a tune, but it sounds "singable."

Boyne. And yet I should not think it is an easy song to sing well, because it is set so high. Of course, thanks to Trevor's Milan training, it presents no difficulty to him, but nine out of every ten average English tenors produce their high notes in a throaty manner.

Trevor. The serenade only appears to be published in one key, but here is a song of Cowen's which can be had in three keys. It is called "My Heart's Beloved" (Cocks & Co., London), and I conclude is intended for a man's song. It is not a favourable specimen of the composer, being yet another variation of the worn-out theme, first introduced by Blumenthal in his "Message." You know the sort of thing I mean.

Mrs. M. Yes, exactly. Songs of that kind have no particular melody, and, to the uninitiated, are perfectly meaningless, till just at the end the "darling" or "beloved" suddenly goes to heaven to the accompaniment of handfuls of chords played *sforzando*, with the loud pedal down, while her maudlin young man is "left on the earth alone," much to his apparent grief and surprise, although he really ought to be used to his fate by this time.

Trevor. And yet there are some people who actually enjoy that sort of thing. Now, Mrs. Morton, it is the turn for the violin. Have you got anything very nice for us?

Mrs. M. I hear some music in the distance which will be more pleasing to the ears to some of our members than anything I could produce. I mean the clatter of the tea-cups. Therefore I move the adjournment of this debate until this day month.

Miss S. Seconded! Muffins are nothing unless eaten hot.

Omnes. Carried!

Accidentals.

"THE LOVE THAT KILLS" has lately been re-produced by Miss Grace Hawthorne and Miss Sophie Eyre, at the Princess's Theatre. This poetical drama has been adapted by Jocelyn Brandon from the French play of "L'Arlésienne," by Alphonse Daudet, and was first performed with marked success at the Prince of Wales' Theatre at a matinée, which was honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and suite. The overture, choral and incidental music, composed expressly for "L'Arlésienne" by Bizet, has been rendered by a largely augmented orchestra and chorus under the direction of Mr. Michael Connelly.

THE STAGE AND HUNGRY EAST-END CHILDREN.—Miss Grace Hawthorne has kindly given Ticket Benefits at the Royal Princess's Theatre, from November 26th to December 21st, in aid of the fund for providing "Halfpenny Dinners" for the children of St. John's Parish, Bethnal Green, E. Last year 13,544 dinners were provided. Help is much needed for the Dinner Fund, and for the rent of a large kitchen. Tickets to benefit this Charity can be obtained of R. Durant Leckie, Esq., 15 Ashburn Place, S.W., or from Miss Bromby, St. John's Vicarage, Bethnal Green, E.

A MEMBER of the musical profession—Alderman A. G. Leigh, organist of St. George's Church, Chorley—has a second time been unanimously elected Mayor by the Chorley Town Council.

THE state of the organ in Exeter Cathedral was recently brought before an influential meeting of the leading residents of the city of Exeter and county of Devon. The Lord-Lieutenant of the county (Lord Clinton) was in the chair. The object of the meeting was to decide as to whether the rebuilding and general improvement of the instrument should be proceeded with. For some time a movement had been in progress to see what amount of subscriptions could be obtained towards the amount required. At the meeting it was stated that only about £1500 more was wanted. The organ was said to be in a wretched condition. It was erected in 1665 by Loosemore of Exeter, and since then had been restored four times. There was now really very little remaining of the old instrument. There were a few old pipes, and what was good in the old organ it was proposed to retain in the new. The principal defects in the instrument may briefly be said to be—the bellows was not large enough, the arrangement of the passages through which the wind travels was not good, and the wind-chest was quite inadequate for the proper supply of the "great organ," so that the labour of blowing was excessively great; the organ could not be accurately tuned; the tone of the full organ was thin, unsteady, and wanting in grandeur, while the great double diapason was practically unuseable. Where there was a large number of voices to accompany, the organ was utterly inadequate, and a brass band had to be called in. It was intended to rebuild the instrument with all modern improvements, and restore it to what it was when it had an European reputation. The bellows would in the future be outside the cathedral, and a gas-engine would be used to supply the wind. Resolutions were carried in favour of proceeding with the work, the organ to be retained in its present position.

RELIC-HUNTERS may be interested to hear that the desk used by Carl Wilhelm whilst composing "Die Wacht am Rhein" was recently sold by auction at Krefeld for 379 marks. According to the direction in the composer's will, the money was distributed among the poor of the town.

AN album of twelve English songs, music by Mr. Goring Thomas, words by Mr. Boulton, will soon be published by Messrs. Cramer & Co. The pieces include ten solos and two duets.

DR. FRANCIS HUEFFER'S "Music of the Queen's Reign," upon which he has been engaged for some time, will probably have appeared ere these lines are in print. The book will contain a copious survey of the music of the past half-century, and Her Majesty has graciously accepted the dedication.

AN interesting presentation took place at Manchester on December 8. The members of Mr. Harris' Italian Opera Company have been so pleased with the artistic and liberal manner in which the operas have been produced, and the artists' comfort attended to, that they presented to their manager on the stage a handsome silver bowl, as a mark of their appreciation and regard. The bowl is engraved with the following inscription:—"Presented to Augustus Harris by the members of his company in appreciation of his artistic and liberal efforts to revive Italian Opera in the provinces, December 8, 1888."

DR. FRANCIS HUEFFER has completed the libretto of a new cantata, entitled "The Sacrifice of Freya," the music for which has been supplied by Dr. Creser, a Leeds organist. The work, which partakes rather of the nature of a religious ceremony than of a cantata, consists of one scene only; a story being, however, incidentally introduced.

PROVINCIAL CONCERTS.—At the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's fifth concert, which took place on December 4, the violinist, M. Ondricek, played Paganini's Concerto in D major, and a Fantasia of his own.—Miss M. Mackenzie sang the old English song (1745), "Charles Stuart's Farewell to Manchester," and Dr. Arne's "When Daisies pied." Mr. Banks, who was heard for the first time in Liverpool, sang "My Queen," and "Let me like a Soldier fall." The orchestra played, among other items, Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 4," Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture (No. 3), and Wagner's "Kaisermarsch." At the sixth concert on December 18, Handel's oratorio "Samson" was performed.

ON the evening of Christmas Day, a sacred concert, under the auspices of Mr. Carl Rosa, was to take place at the Court Theatre, Liverpool. The programme comprised Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with Mr. M'Guckin, Miss Moody, and Miss Drew in the solos, and miscellaneous selections, in which these artists and others were to take part.

MR. HARRIS' week of Italian Opera at Liverpool the end of last month, seems to have roused the inhabitants of that city to genuine enthusiasm. The operas performed were "Aida," "Ernani," "Faust," "Lohengrin," "Carmen," "The Huguenots," and the "Trovatore." All the operas were splendidly staged, and the casts were admirable. Altogether this operatic week is the greatest treat Liverpool has had for years.

ON November 27, an excellent programme of chamber music was given at the Gentlemen's Concert, Manchester. The performers were Sir Charles Hallé, and Messrs. Hess, Speelman, Bernhardt, and Piatti. Among the items were Schubert's Quartet in D minor, Haydn's Pianoforte Trio in E minor, and Schumann's Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin. On November 29, the "Elijah" was given at Sir Charles Hallé's sixth concert. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Santley.

THE first of Messrs. Paterson & Sons' subscription orchestral concerts was given at Edinburgh on December 11. The programme included Beethoven's fourth symphony, M. Saint-Saëns' "Rouet d'Omphale," and Wieniawski's second violin concerto, played by M. Marsick.

We mentioned last month that the Edinburgh Choral Union would produce Mr. Hamish MacCunn's "Bonny Kilmeny" this season. We now learn that we were misinformed, Mr. Kirkhope's Private Choir having undertaken the task.

IN the former burial-ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, which is now to be laid out as a recreation ground, is the tomb of Charles Dibdin. At the last meeting of the St. Pancras vestry, a proposal from Mr. Fitzgerald, honorary secretary to the Dibdin Memorial Fund, to improve the tomb, was accepted. It is proposed to construct in stone or marble, the midship section of an old line-of-battle ship, showing bulwarks and port-holes, on the deck-line of which will be placed the tomb. At present only £100 has been subscribed. The chairman of the fund is Mr. Sims Reeves. On the committee are Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. August Manns, and many other members of the dramatic and musical world.

THE tenor rôle in the new opera, "Paul Jones," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, will be played by Mr. George Preston, a young vocalist from the Cork Cathedral.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS has put a stop to rumours about the *répertoire* for his next London season, by declaring that nothing is settled save that an Italian version of Wagner's "Meistersinger" will be produced. He also has some idea of reviving Gluck's "Orfeo." Several other operas are also before him, but no more have yet been decided upon.

AN important concert is being organized on behalf of the late John Leech's three sisters, whose means are, unfortunately, very limited. It is fixed for the afternoon of January 11. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley have promised their services.

ADOLPHE JULLIEN's biography of Berlioz has just been issued in sumptuous form by the Librairie d'Art. The illustrations, including drawings from Fantin, are superb, and have interest for students of English drama through the connection of some of them with Miss Smithson (Madame Berlioz) and Kemble.

MISS LEVIEN, a young violinist of the Guildhall School of Music, has recently been favourably noticed by the critics, while her violin received quite contrary treatment. It is pleasant to know that a subscription, headed by the Lord Mayor, is being made for the purpose of presenting Miss Levien, who has no means of her own, with a violin upon which she can do justice to her talent.

JOACHIM will, on March 19 next, have been fifty years before the public. In order to mark the occasion, the professors and students of the Royal School of Music in Berlin are taking steps to present their chief and friend with a marble bust of himself. As the great artist will be in England on March 19, his English friends will probably provide a fitting jubilee celebration.

THE new theatre and opera house at Halifax was opened on November 27 by Mr. Wilson Barrett, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The building was designed by Mr. Frank Matcham, who has erected several theatres in London and the provinces. It will hold about 2000 persons. The arrangements for heating, ventilation, and exits are all upon the most approved principles. The entire cost of the premises, including the site, is about £16,000.

A NOVEL competition was recently organized by the committee of the Bath Philharmonic Society, for a gold medal to be presented to the best vocalist among the lady members of the choir. The voters were the male choristers, who each had a perforated card containing certain numbers. The ladies sang behind a curtain, so that their personal charms might not be allowed to warp the judgment of their auditors, who were each to tear off their cards the number of the singer they liked the best. Each competitor was to sing one sacred song and an English ballad.

In the new volume of Mendelssohn's "Letters to Moscheles," one of the most interesting passages is that in which the composer animadverts upon the tendency of modern musicians to give undue prominence to the brass in their orchestration. He writes:—"Then again that constant use of the brass—as a matter of sheer calculation it should be sparingly employed, let alone the question of art. That's where I admire Handel's glorious style; when he brings up his kettle-drums and trumpets towards the end, and thumps and batters about to his heart's content as if he meant to knock you down—no mortal man can remain unmoved. I really believe it is far better to imitate such work than to overstrain the nerves of your audience, who, after all, will at last get accustomed to cayenne pepper."

* * *

MISS JOSEPHINE SIMON, the Californian fifteen-year-old prima donna, is a pupil of old Carl Formes, the once celebrated basso. He thinks so highly of her, that in his old age he has undertaken a journey from San Francisco to Europe, on purpose to bring her out. He recently said to a reviewer, "I have with me a Californian girl, upon whom I build great hopes. She has a wonderful dramatic soprano, a voice as great as that of Tietjens or Grisi, and she is ready and willing to work as hard as I permit." Miss Simon has been heard already in London at some of Mr. Carter's concerts in the Albert Hall.

Music in Port Elizabeth.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Port Elizabeth Philharmonic Society held its second grand concert of the season last week at the Town Hall; the chief subject undertaken on this occasion being Gade's "Crusaders," a most beautiful and striking piece of music, placed before the public of this colony for the first time. The attendance was not large, as there was a counter-attraction in the shape of a theatrical company lately out from England, the people here being greater patrons of Thespis than of classical music. The members of the Society, however, both vocalists and instrumentalists, were loyal to their posts, and Mr. Lee Davies saw the whole of his choir—about 100—rise at the tap of his baton. The concert was opened with the National Anthem, Sir Michael Costa's arrangement, and we never heard it better sung in the colony. Next came a couple of part-songs by Hatton, both old friends, and well rendered by the choir. The orchestra then gave Mendelssohn's glorious War March of the Priests from "Athalia," very creditably. The chorale, "Oh gladsome light," from Sullivan's "Golden Legend," was then sung by the choir. The lights and shades were well rendered, and we hope the Society will one day give us the whole of that cantata. The overture to "Masaniello" followed; and then came Costa's triumphal march from "Naaman," when orchestra and choir united in producing a grand effect, with which the first part of the concert came to a close.

After a short overture came the chorus of the "Crusaders," on their weary march over the desert, "Flame-like the sand waste glows and flickers," with its wonderfully descriptive music, and its mournful undertone of disappointment and despair, as the grateful fountain in the distance turns out to be but a mirage. The part of Peter the Hermit (bass) was taken by a Scotch gentleman, whose singing was careful, though his accent rather militated against clearness of enunciation. Rinaldo the warrior (tenor) was represented by the same young Scotchman who took the tenor solo at the last concert. His singing was very correct and his notes sweet, though he was hardly the *tenore robusto* this particular part required. The solo and chorus, "To war! God wills it!" was delivered with splendid energy; and the closing solo and chorus of the first portion, the prayer, "Father,

from a distant land Thy host hath come," is a most beautiful piece of music, and the grand burst on the opening chord, "Father," was very fine.

In the next part, the music changes to a light and graceful airy movement, descriptive of the spirits of the darkness in their whirling dance. The part of Armida was taken by "our only" soprano soloist, the lady referred to in our former notes on the "May Queen." We did not consider the prima donna in good voice on this occasion, her notes being much too metallic. However, the major part of the audience seemed well pleased with her rendering of the solo where she (Armida) directs the raising of the magic palace, whose delights of eye and sense shall tempt the hero Rinaldo from the path of duty to a life of sensuous pleasure.

The duet and chorus between Rinaldo, Armida, and the Sirens, was very fairly rendered, and the stern refrain of the Crusaders' hymn in the distance, smiting in upon the voluptuous music of the temptress and the ravished Rinaldo, had a striking effect. The second portion of the cantata closed with Armida's parting solo, "Magic worlds are sinking." We must hurry over the last part of this beautiful cantata, and simply say that the solos were creditably rendered, though some of Rinaldo's higher notes were somewhat beyond the compass of our tenor. The choruses, especially the last glorious but most trying one, "Jerusalem, the goal is there!" were rendered with spirit, and in a manner which reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Lee Davies' training, and also on the loyalty and intelligence with which the members of the Society obeyed the movements of their conductor's baton.

The concert was repeated three days later for the benefit of a local charity, when there was again a moderately good attendance.

Notes from Leeds.

THE leading Choral Society of the town—the Leeds Philharmonic—opened its season on November 21 with a performance of "Elijah," which was in every way perfectly satisfactory. The solo parts were undertaken by Miss Annie Marriott (who replaced Madame Nordica, detained in America), Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, who one and all gave brilliant effect to music already very familiar. Mr. Santley was in magnificent voice, and represented the Prophet with all his accustomed fire and fervour. The chorus, under Mr. Alfred Broughton, added fresh laurels to an enviable reputation, displaying a fine fresh tone combining both volume and refinement, as was shown, on the one hand, in such numbers as "Help, Lord," "Thanks be to God," and those to Baal; and, on the other, by the expressive singing of "He watching over Israel" and "Blessed be the Men." A word of praise is also due to the orchestra, which, for a scratch band, would be hard to improve upon so far north.

The Leeds Subscription Concerts, which are now worked by a local committee of gentlemen, are the outcome of Mr. Rawlinson Ford's Popular Concerts, and are now in their eighth season. They consist of two miscellaneous, two chamber, and two orchestral evenings. The present season was opened by a miscellaneous concert, at which Madame Samuelli, Miss Hoskins, Mr. O. Harley, and Mr. Charles Santley were the vocalists, and Miss Lang and Mr. Sydney Naylor the instrumentalists. The programme contained little except items of the ballad type. At the succeeding concert Sir Charles Hallé brought his fine orchestra, and played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto. The symphony was that of Schumann—No. 1 in B flat—known as the Spring Symphony. There were also the Egmont and the Parsifal overtures and smaller items. Herr Henschel gave a couple of excerpts from "Die Meistersinger" in irreproachable style. The next meeting was devoted to chamber music; the septet of Beethoven being well played by Messrs. J. T. Carrodus, B. Carrodus, Ould, E. Carrodus, Clinton, Wotton, and Paersch. The delightful music was thoroughly enjoyed, as was Mozart's clarinet trio and Beethoven's Serenade trio, of which, however, there was time only for the latter half. Mr. Carrodus played Bach's Chaconne, and Mr. Arthur Hollins was greeted with enthusiasm after Schumann's Symphonic Studies, and smaller works. Miss Gertrude Turner was the vocalist.

Mr. Edgar Haddock continues his "Musical Evenings," the design of which is to produce two concerted sonatas for violin and piano in each, and fill in between with solos for himself and the pianist. Four have already come off, and have been as instructive as in the past. The pianists have been M. Emil Bach, Madame Essipoff, Mlle. Nina Bunina, and M. H. Logé. Sonatas by Beethoven (Op. 24), Rubinstein (Op. 19), Mozart (in A), and Grieg (Op. 13) have been given before extensive audiences. There will be other six of these "Evenings" during the winter.

Another young Leeds player, Mr. Fred Dawson—this time a pianist—is giving a series of six concerts on somewhat similar lines. At two out of the three already given he has been joined by the talented violinist, Mr. John Dunn. These have been associated in Beethoven's "Sonata for Violin and Piano" (Op. 47) and E. Sat

(Op. 12, No. 3) sonatas, and on the remaining occasion Mr. Dawson gave a highly finished performance of the so-called "Moonlight" sonata, and contrived to keep his audience interested during a long pianoforte recital.

Mr. Carl Rosa paid his annual visit at the end of October and performed in his well-known style "Robert the Devil" (twice), "Figaro," "Carmen," "Mignon," and Halévy's "Jew's Revenge." The advance of Miss Moody, Mr. Child, and Mr. Manners is as pleasing as it is conspicuous; while Miss Fabris made a favourable first impression.

The Armley Choral Society gave a creditable performance of Handel's Serenata, "Acis and Galatea," with Miss Hozle, and Messrs. Blagbro, Ashworth, and W. H. Dawson.

At a recent meeting of the guarantors to the Musical Festival—a recurrence of which event takes place in October next—it was stated that new works would be produced as follows:—Dr. Hubert Parry will write music to Alexander Pope's "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day"; Mr. Frederick Corder has undertaken both libretto and music to a work to be entitled "The Sword of Agantyr," founded, like "Nordica," upon Scandinavian material; Dr. William Creser, the organist of the Leeds Parish Church, will write a cantata, "Freia, Goddess of Spring," for which Dr. F. Hueffer supplies the libretto; while the committee have placed Sir Arthur Sullivan's novelty under his own choice and discretion. None of these, it is said, will exceed two hours in performance, so the backbone of the event will be classical masterpieces.

New Musical Studies.

BOOK II.

ON TOUCH.

By BERNHARD ALTHAUS.

CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

THE RHYTHMICAL TOUCH. PHRASING.

TWO successive strong notes are of rare occurrence. We find them in passages consisting of groups of two notes as in Mozart's grand Fantasia in C minor:—



This passage is marked forte. Both notes of each group are good notes; both must be marked.

The first of the two notes is good, by reason of being the first of two connected notes; it is much longer than the second, for this reason:

When two notes are connected, the first one has to be kept down till the next one has been struck. This makes it about half as long again. The second note, according to rule, loses one-half of its natural value by the prescribed and demanded quick withdrawal of the finger; consequently it is not half as good as the first one.

The first one amounts in value to one and a half quavers or three semiquavers, the second only to one semiquaver. The former is therefore three times as long as the latter.

But now appears a new feature of interest. In the above passage the second note is in every instance the higher of the two, and therefore the more expressive one. It also lies on a stronger part of the bar than the first, which latter comes in between the four different beats of the bar.

So, after all, the distinguishing features of both notes are pretty evenly balanced.

To do really justice to such a passage is not exactly easy. It requires great strength, energy, and elasticity. To gain a good idea of its splendid effect, it is advisable to play it as follows:—

Play the lower note of the two with the left, and the higher one with the right hand. Mark both notes, but shorten the second note!

Then imitate the effect gained with the right hand alone.

As most players of modern times have plenty of strength, if not much else, such a passage is, on the whole, generally played better than many other things. But in one thing most pianists fail, that is, in shortening every second note! They play the whole passage legato. Even then it is brilliant, if not quite correct.

I have not done with it yet. The scientific fact remains, that when a short quaver is played with a full touch (especially in a quick movement) it becomes longer in duration, that is, its sound is prolonged. Yet, if the "touch-and-go" touch has been of the right sort, quick as lightning, the characteristic smack of shortness will tell; it will sound a short note—and that is sufficient for the purpose.

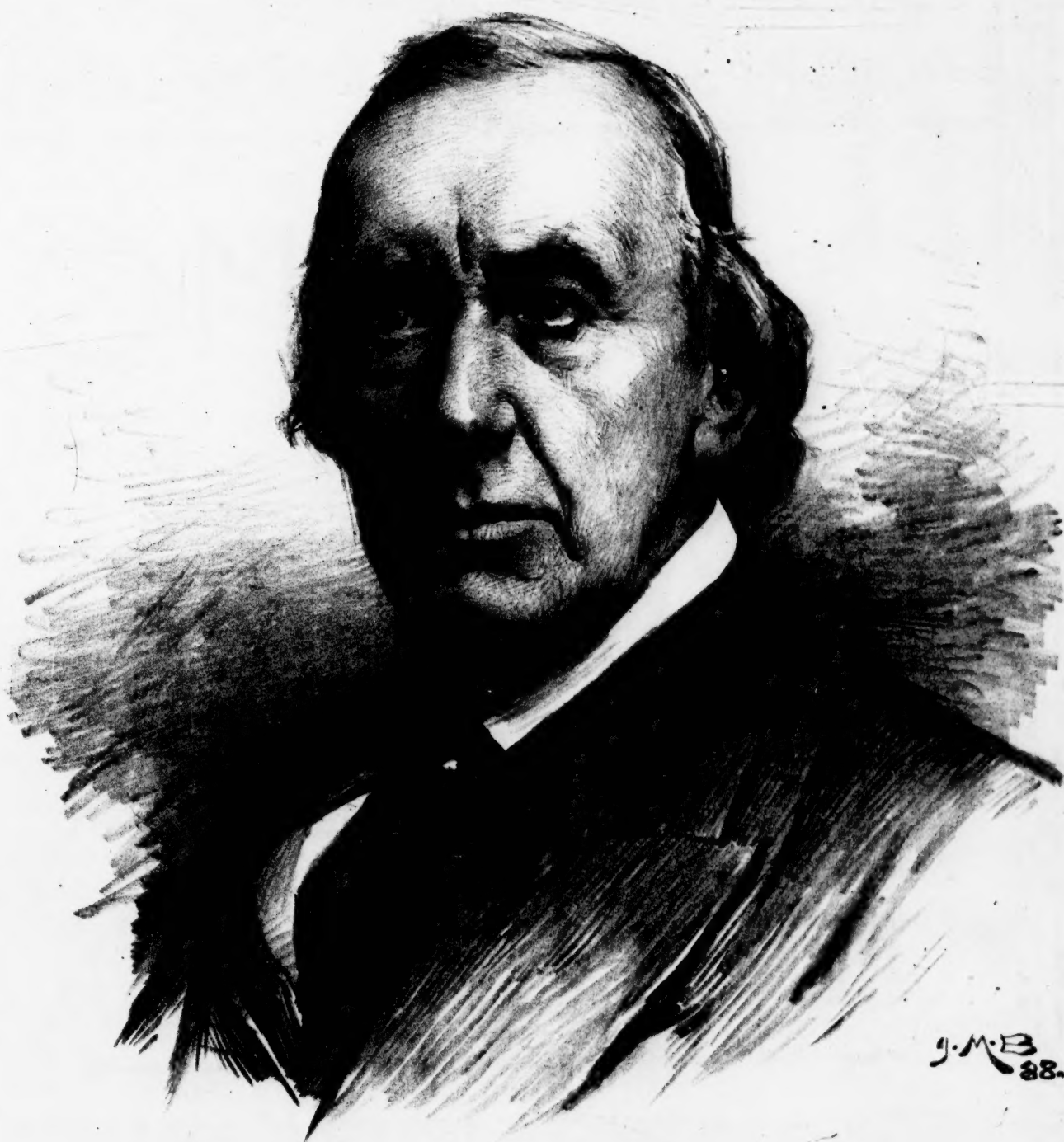
In the foregoing example the two notes are not far apart, being only a minor third distant from each other. But when the distance between notes becomes greater, then they increase in value ever so much more.

(To be continued.)

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J.M.B.
88.

Charles Hallé



Magazine of Music Supplement, January 1889.

containing also.

My true love hath my heart. Song by A. H. BREWER.

“O MY LOVE
is like the
RED RED ROSE.”



Poetry by
BURNS.

Music by
A. HERBERT BREWER.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTINS HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

"O my Luve's like a red, red rose"

Words by
R. BURNS.

Music by
A. HERBERT BREWER.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' The voice part is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clef). The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The lyrics are written below the voice staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The score is divided into four systems, each containing a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'O my Luve is like a red, red rose That's new - ly sprung that's sprung in June: O my Luve is like the mel - o - die That's sweet - ly..... play'd in tune. That's sweet - ly..... play'd in'.

O my Luve is like a red, red rose That's new - ly sprung that's
sprung in June: O my Luve is like the mel - o - die That's
sweet - ly..... play'd in tune. That's sweet - ly..... play'd in

tune. *mp* As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, So *p*

mp

deep in luv am I: And I will luv thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang *ral - len -*

p *cres.*

tan - do *a tempo* dry:..... O my luv is like a red, red rose That's new - ly sprung in

dim. e ritard. June that's new - ly sprung in June: *calando*

calando

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear, And the rocks melt

wi' the sun. I will love thee still, my dear, while the sands o' life shall

run. While the sands o' life shall run.

mp And fare thee weel, my on - ly Love! *p* And fare thee weel a -

cres. *ral*

while! And I will come a - gain, my Luve, Tho' it

len - tan *do* *a tempo*

were ten thou - sand mile..... O my Luve is like a

dim.

red, red rose that's new - ly sprung in June That's

e ritard.

new - ly sprung in June.

O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

"My true-love hath my Heart"

Words by
SIR. P. SYDNEY.

Music by
A. HERBERT BREWER.

VOICE. *Moderato grazioso.* *mf* My true-love hath my heart, and

PIANO. *mf*

I have his, By just exchange one for an-o-ther giv-en, I hold his dear, and

mine he can not miss There never was a better bargain driv-en My true-love hath my

heart, and I have his. His

rall. *a tempo* *rall.* *a tempo*

heart in me keeps him and me in one, My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides

He loves my heart, for once it was his own, I cherish his because in me it bides,

cres.
My true-love hath my heart, My true-love hath my heart, My true-love

cres.

rall.
hath my heart, and I have his.

rall.

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

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